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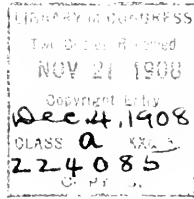
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Being Forthright Studies of Men
and Books; With Some Pages
From a Man's Inner Life : :

Author of *Benigna Vena*, etc.

East Orange, N. J.

1908



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TO FINLEY PETER DUNNE

*The only art I boast is this —
I too have laughed with all the crowd,
When the rich wonder of your wit
Challenged their plaudits loud;*

*And then, the jester's role aside,
A finer spirit have I known.
A man with sorrow, too, acquainted,
A brother—yes, mine own.*

*A look into the merry eyes—
' Lo! here are tears unshed
That do but ask a kindred soul,
To leave their fountain head.*

*For you have more than Falstaff's mirth,
Nor less than Hamlet's teen;
"Wilt weep for Hecuba"—and then
With laughter shake the scene.*

*One of God's players playing out
With zest a weary part;
Teaching the sad world how to smile
By strokes of genial art;*

*Launching the scorn that blasts the knave,
The jest that flays the fool,
And by the right divine of wit
Giving a nation rule.*

* * * * *

*Laugh on, laugh on, dear Wit and Sage,
The roaring crowds above:
Yet keep for your own chosen few
The Poet of their love.*

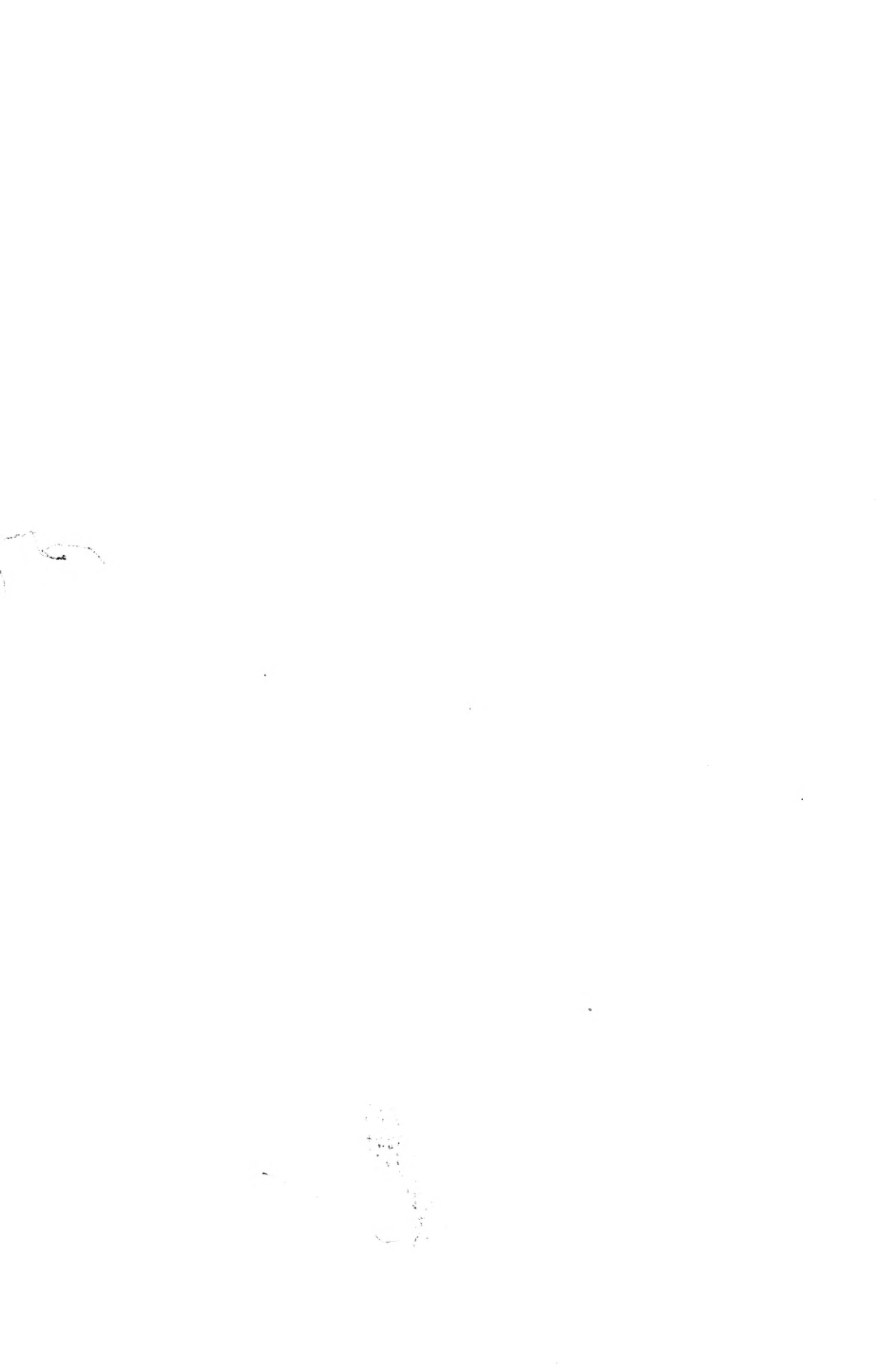
M. M.

New York, 1908.

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The Poe Legend :

An Unconventional Version.



COMPLIMENT which mediocrity often pays to genius, is to indict it.

So there is an indictment against Edgar Allan Poe, with a bill of particulars, the effect of which is to make him out the chief Horrible

Example of our literary history.

Most of his critics admit that he was a genius and deny that he was a respectable person.

A considerable number deny his respectability with warmth and coldly concede to him a certain measure of poetical talent.

A few embittered ones deny that he was either respectable or a genius.

No one has ever contended for him that he was both a genius and respectable. I do not make this claim, as I should not wish to appear too original; and, besides, I am content with the fact of his genius and care nothing for the question of respectability. Or, yes, I do care something for it, if by respectability is meant that prudent regard for self which would have prevented the suicide of Poe. I'm sure if he were living to-day, he would never think of drinking himself to death. His work would be better paid, for one thing,—supposing that he could get past the magazine editors,—and then we have learned a little how to drink—the art was crude and brutal in Poe's day. Perhaps this is the only respect in which we, the children of a later generation, are better artists than he.

The tradition of Poe's drunkenness hangs on so persist-

ently that many people can think of him only in connection with that still popular melodrama, *Ten-Nights-in-a-Bar-room*. As a boy I used to fancy that he was cut out for the leading part in it. And in fact I saw a play not long ago—in the provinces, of course—in which the author of “*The Raven*” was shown drunk in every act and working up to a brilliant climax of the “horrors.” . . .

When I try to call up before my mind’s eye the figure of Poe, the man in his habit as he lived, his daily walks and associates, the picture is at once broken up by an irruption of red and angry faces—old John Allan, Burton the Comedian (who could be so tragically in earnest and so damned virtuous with a poor poet), White, Griswold, Wilmer, Graham, Briggs, the sweet singer of “*Ben Bolt*,” and others of the queer literati of that day. Each and all declare in staccato, with positive forefinger raised, “*We tell you the man was drunk!*” Then Absalom Willis appears, bowing daintily, and says in mild deprecation, “No, I would not precisely say drunk—but do me the honor to read my article on the subject in the ‘*Home Journal*.’” The saintly Longfellow, evoked from the shades, seems to say, “Not merely drunk, but malignant.” And a host of forgotten poetasters looming dimly in the background, take up the Psalmist’s words and make a refrain of them—“Not merely drunk, but malignant!”

Since this is what we get, in lieu of biography, by those who have taken the life of Poe, it is no wonder that the obscure dramatist seizes on the same stuff for his purpose, degrading the most famous of our poets to the level of a bar-room hero. Whether or not it is possible at this late day to separate the fame of Poe from the foul legend of drunkenness and sodden dissipation that has gathered about it, I would not venture to say; but very sure am I that no one has yet attempted the feat. Even the mild and half apologetic Dr. Woodberry is gravely interested in the number, extent

and variety of Poe's drunks. Let me not forget one honorable exception, Edmund Clarence Stedman, who has taken his brother poet, "as he was and for what he was." I do not, however, include Mr. Stedman with the biographers of Poe—he stands rather at the head of those who have sought to interpret his genius and to safeguard his literary legacy. And though (I think) he brought no great love to the task—Poe is hardly a subject to inspire love—he has done it fairly and well.

I may here observe, parenthetically, that in a very kind letter addressed to the author, Mr. Stedman demurs at the suggestion that he brought no great love to his critical labors on behalf of Poe—labors that have unquestionably raised the poet's literary status in the view of many, and have as certainly cleared away a mass of prejudice, evil report and misunderstanding attached to his personal character and reputation. But all I mean to convey is that Mr. Stedman's splendid work was done, as it appears to me, less for the love of Poe than the love of letters. In saying this I imply not the slightest reproach: Poe is a man to be pitied, praised, admired, regretted; or, if you please, to be hated, envied, blamed and condemned. But love,—such love, say, as Lamb inspired in his friends and still inspires in his readers,—is not for the lonely singer of "Israfel."

I agree with Poe's biographers that he got drunk often, but I am only sorry that he never got any fun out of it—the man was essentially unhumorous. I should be glad to hold a brief for Poe's drunkenness, if his tippling ever yielded him any solace; or, better still, if it ever inspired him to any genuine literary effort. We know well that some great poets have successfully wooed the Muse in their cups, but you can take my word for it, they were cold sober when they worked the thing out. It is true Emerson says (after Milton) that the poet who is to see visions of the gods should drink only water out of a wooden bowl. But Emerson belonged to the

unjoyous race of New England Brahmins, who were surprisingly like the snow men children make, in that they lacked natural heat and bowels. We may not forget that a poet who stands for all time as an ideal type of sanity and genius—the always contemporary Quintus Horatius Flaccus—has in many places guaranteed mediocrity to the abstaining bard.

So there was the best poetical warrant for Poe's drinking, if he could only have got any good out of it. But he couldn't and didn't; he was merely, at times frequent enough to justify his enemies, an ordinary dipsomaniac, craving the madness of alcohol; mirthless, darkly sullen, quite insane, though perhaps physically harmless; hardly conscious of his own identity. Of the genial god Booze, who rewards his true devotees with jollity and mirth, with forgetfulness of care and the golden promise of fortune, who makes poets of dull men and gods of poets—of this splendid and beneficent deity, Poe knew nothing. That spell from which Horace drew his most charming visions; which inspired Burns with courage to sing amid the hopeless poverty of his lot; which kindled the genius of Byron and allured the fancy of Heine, like his own Lorelei; which is three-fourths of Beranger and one-half of Moore—to Poe meant only madness, the sordid kind from which men turn away with horror and disgust, and which too often leads to the clinic and the potter's field. The kindly spirit of wine, that for a brief time at least works an inspiring change in every man, enlarging the sympathies, softening the heart, prompting new and generous impulses, opening the soul shut up to self to the greater claims and interests of humanity, was, in the case of Poe, turned into a malefic genie, intent only upon the lowest forms of animal gratification and reckless of any and every ill wrought to body and soul.

In other words—for I must not write a conventional essay—Poet was the kind of man that never should have touched

the cup. For there are some men—oh, yes, I know it!—to whom the mildest wine ever distilled from grapes kissed by the sun in laughing valleys, is deadly poison, fatal as that draught brewed of old by the Colchian enchantress. And of these was poor Edgar Poe.

Neither were there for him those negative but still pleasing virtues which are sometimes credited to a worshiper of the great god Booze—perhaps they are mostly fictitious, but this is a fraud at which Virtue herself may connive. I am very sure no one ever called Poe a “good fellow” for all the whiskey he drank; and his biographers also make the same omission. The drunkenness of Burns calls up the laughing genius of a hundred matchless ballads, the dance, the fair and the hot love that followed close upon; calls up the epic riot of beggars in the ale-house of Poosie Nancy—and we see the whole vivid life of Burns was of a piece with his poetry. To wish him less drunken or more sober (if you prefer it) is to wish him less a poet.

Not so with Poe, as I have already shown. He got nothing from drink, in the way of literary inspiration, though some of his critics think he did, and, being themselves both sober and dull, appear to doubt whether anything so gotten is legitimate. I hate to lay irreverent hands on the popular belief that “The Raven” was composed during or just following a crisis of drunken delirium—the poem is too elaborately artificial for that,—and has not Poe told us how he wrote it, in a confession which, more clearly than all the labored efforts of his biographers, explains the vanity, the weakness and the fatal lack of humor in his make-up? I do not find any suggestions of drink or “dope” in the samples of his prose which I dislike, such as a few of his “Old World Romances.” If there be any “dope” in this stuff, it is, in my opinion, the natural dope of faculties when driven against their will to attempt things beyond the writer’s province or power. And there is also the “dope” of what could be, at

times, a fearfully bad style. But I am not writing a literary essay.

I conclude, then, that in the case of Edgar Allan Poe, drink has no extenuating circumstances, though many might be pleaded for the poet himself. It made enemies for him of those who wanted to be his friends (if you will only believe them); it lost him his money—deuced little of it ever he had; it helped to break his health, and it gave him no valuable literary inspiration. Some solace, I would gladly think, it yielded him, and maybe (who knows?) there was a blessed nepenthe in the peace it brought him at last when, after babbling a while on his cot in that Baltimore hospital, there came to him the only dreamless sleep he was to know.



ALL his life long Poe dreamed of having a magazine of his own and never got his desire. He was always writing to his friends and possible patrons about this one darling dream; but nothing came of it. The nearest he ever got to his wish was when he succeeded in drawing into his plan one T. C. Clarke, a Philadelphia publisher. Clarke had money, and he put up a certain amount toward the starting of the "Penn," as the magazine was to be called. Some initial steps were taken, and the moment seems to have been the most sanguine in Poe's long battle with adversity. He was full of enthusiasm and wrote to many friends, detailing his literary hopes and projects in connection with the new magazine. Then suddenly, and rather unaccountably, everything was dropped. It seems likely that Clarke took cold in his money—at any rate the "Penn" died a-borning. Poe had gone far enough to incur a good-sized debt to Clarke—he left in the latter's hands a manuscript as security, which we may sup-

pose did not raise the temperature of that gentleman's finances.

Then the planning and the letter-writing and the making of prospectuses, with other architectural projects of the Spanish variety, went on and continued to the end of the chapter—good God! how pathetic and yet grimly humorous it all is to one who has carried the same cross, and knows every inch of that Calvary! Poe was at least spared the struggle which comes after possession; but I am aware that this is no consolation to the man who is dying to make his fight.

Yet once again the chance fluttered into his hands, when he bought the "Broadway Journal" from a man named Bisco with a note of fifty dollars endorsed by Horace Greeley. Not long afterward Horace had the pleasure of paying the note and remained to the end a strong believer in Poe's imaginative gifts. About the same time that the philosopher parted with his money, Poe gave up his brief possession of the "Journal." But still he went on in the old hopeless, hopeful way, dreaming of that blessed magazine, which he had now decided to call the "Stylus" instead of the "Penn." And a name only it remained to the last.

From these and many similar facts in the life of Poe, his biographers to a man conclude that he had no business ability. I am not so sure—I am only sure that he never had the money. In fact, Poe was never able to raise more than one hundred dollars at any time in his whole life—once when he borrowed that sum to get married (and the sneerers say, forgot to repay it), and again when he won a like amount with a prize story. Yes, he got a judgment of something over two hundred dollars against his savage foe, Thomas Dunn English, but I am not aware that it was ever satisfied—think of Poe suing a man for literary libel! His usual salary was Ten Dollars a week—Burton, the tragic Comedian, held out a promise of more, but discharged him when the time to make good came round—and this after Poe had gained what was

considered a literary reputation in those days. With such resources, to have started the kind of magazine Poe had always in mind, would have tasked a man of great business ability, with no poetical ideas floating about in his head to divert him from the Main Chance.

Certainly Poe was not the man for the job—I doubt if he could have sold shares in El Dorado. But I do not think his failures, such as they were, justly convict him of a complete lack of that ordinary sense which enables a man to carry his money as far as the corner. There is a popular cant now, based on the success of some fortunate writers, that literary genius of high order is not inconsistent with first-rate business ability. I do not care to go into the discussion—especially as this is not a literary essay—but I will say that in most instances cited to prove the point, the money sense is a good deal more obvious than the literary genius.

To make what is called a business success in this world, a man is required to do homage before many gods. But though he pay the most devoted worship to the divinities of Thrift, Enterprise, Courage, Energy, Foresight, Calculation, he will still fail should he omit his tribute to a greater god than these—Expediency!

In his poetical way Edgar Allan Poe went a-questing after many strange worships, and he was learned in all that mystic lore as far back as the Chaldeans. But he seems never to have got an inkling of that one universal religion in which all men believe, which settles all earthly things—the relentless but impassive Divinity of Affairs, already named, by which success or failure is determined for every man that cometh into the world.





OWARD the close of Poe's life a horde of female poets rushed upon his trail. His relations with them were not wholly "free from blame," to quote his biographers—they seem to have been, at any rate, platonic. A poetess who is always studying her own emotions for "copy" is not to be taken unawares. I think Poe was in more danger of being led astray than any of the ladies whom he distinguished with his attentions. It is to be noted that they invariably speak of him as a "perfect gentleman," even after he had ceased to honor them with his affections. To me there is something rather literary than womanly in such angelic charity and forgiveness—'tis too sugary sweet. Have we not heard that lovers estranged make the worst enemies? At any rate the lover of "Ligeia," "Eleonora" and similar abstractions was not a man to be feared by a poetess of well-seasoned virtue.

Yes, I am sure they only wanted to get copy out of him and to link their names with his. They were mostly widows, too—which makes the thing even more suspicious. One of them—that one to whom he addressed his finest lyric—was forty-five. Lord, Lord! what liars these poets are! I give you my word that until very lately I believed those perfect lines "To Helen" idealized some youthful love of Poe's.

*Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are fairy land.*

Psyche lived in Providence, which is in the State of Rhode Island. She was, as I have said, forty-five, an age that should be above tempting or temptation. She wrote verses, now forgotten, and her passion for Poe was of the most literary character. After a two-days' courtship he proposed to her and was accepted, on condition, however, that he amend his breath—which is to say, his habits. Poe seems to have

regretted his rashness, for he at once started on a bat (these remarks are not literary), as if the prospect of his joy was too much for him. Still Helen would not reject him; she merely wrote him more poetry—and the poet again turned to drink as if to drown a great sorrow. A day was set for the wedding, and he began celebrating at the hotel bar long before the hour appointed for the ceremony. Helen heard of his early start, and, knowing what he could do in a long day with such an advantage, she sent for him and broke off the engagement. This is the only instance I know of in Poe's entire career where his drinking had the least appearance of sanity.

Before this, and indeed during the lifetime of Mrs. Poe, he had broken with Mrs. Ellet, a lady who made feeble verse, but whose ability for scandal and mischief was out of the ordinary. It was through this daughter of the Muses that the poet became estranged from Mrs. Osgood, and there was a beautiful women's row, in which Margaret Fuller took a hand. Mrs. Osgood was a gushing person, ferociously intent on "copy," but of mature age and quite capable of taking care of herself. She declares and asseverates that Poe chased her to Providence—that fatal Providence!—and to Albany, imploring her to love him. I wonder where he got the money for these journeys—about this time he was lecturing on the "Cosmogony of the Universe," in order to raise funds for his eternally projected magazine. The very popular nature of the subject and his own qualities as a lyceum entertainer, which never would have commended him to the late Major Pond—incline me to the belief that Poe was not at that time burning much money in trips to Providence and Albany.

At any rate Mrs. Osgood cut him out, though on her death-bed, with a last effort of the ruling passion (or literary motive) she very handsomely forgave him and pronounced a touching eulogy on his moral character.

Then there was "Annie," a married woman living near Boston, to whom Poe addressed a sincere and beautiful poem. The exigencies of her case rather strain the platonic theory, but I do not give up my brief, mind you. I suspect that Annie was behind the breaking off with Helen, but, of course, he couldn't marry Annie for the reason that she had a husband already (of whom we know no more), and divorces were not then negotiated in record time. Annie was therefore obliged to be content with the sweet satisfaction of foiling a hated rival—and to a woman's heart we know this is the next best thing to landing the man. Annie, by the way, was not a literary person: she wanted love from Poe, not copy; and she seems to have sincerely, if not very sensibly, loved the poet for himself.

Remains the last of these queer attachments which throw a kind of grotesque romance over the closing years of Poe. Mrs. Shelton was of unimpeached maturity, like the rest, and like all the rest but one, a widow. She lived in Richmond, Virginia, and had been a boyish flame of Poe's. She was neither beautiful nor literary, and she had attained the ripe age of fifty years. But she was rich, and though Poe was not a business man, I dare say he felt the money would be no great inconvenience—and then there was always the magazine to be started, dear me! Still he made love to her as if he was half afraid she would take him at his word—and he kept writing to Annie! But Mrs. Shelton was of sterner stuff than the poetic Helen. She had made up her mind to marry Poe for reasons sufficient unto herself, and she would have done it had not fate intervened. She made her preparations like a thorough business woman, and strongmindedly led the way toward the altar. The wedding ring was bought (I can hardly believe with Poe's money), and all things were in readiness for the happy event, when the poet wandered away on that luckless journey whose end was in another world.

Mrs. Shelton wore mourning for him, and all her women friends told her it was wonderfully becoming. . . . I think Annie's crape was at the heart.

Edgar Allan Poe was a child in the hands of women, and that's the whole truth—a loving, weak, vain and irresponsible child. This count in the indictment is the weakest of all. I should not have referred to it had I been writing a conventional essay.



THE notion that Poe was mad has within late years received a quasi-scientific confirmation—at least the doctors have settled the matter to their own satisfaction. I therefore advert to it in order to dispose of the Poe indictment in full.

My learned friend, Dr. William Lee Howard, of Baltimore (a town forever memorable to the lovers of the poet), sets out to prove that Edgar Allan Poe was not a drunkard in the ordinary sense (which is ordinarily believed), but was rather what the medical experts are now calling a psychopath; in plain words, a madman. "He belongs," says the doctor, "to that class of psychopaths too long blamed and accused of vicious habits that are really symptoms of disease—a disease now recognized by neurologists as psychic epilepsy." The doctor fortifies his thesis with much learning of the same kind, and in conclusion he says: "The psychologist readily understands the reason for Poe's intensity, for his cosmic terror and his constant dwelling upon the aspects of physical decay. He lived alternately a life of obsession and lucidity, and this duality is the explanation of his being so shamefully misunderstood—so highly praised, so cruelly blamed. In most of his weird and fantastic tales we can see the patient emerging from oblivion. We find in his case many of the primary symptoms of the psychopath—a disordered and dis-

turbed comprehension of concepts, suspicion, and exaggerated ideas of persecution."

These be words horrendous and mouth-filling, but surely I need not remind the erudite Dr. Howard that

*When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter,
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said.*

And I suspect Dr. Howard in coming, as he thinks, to the defence of Poe's reputation, has done the poet an ill service, though I doubt if he will influence any right-judging minds. Nor am I in sympathy with the doctor's ingenious argument that the most strongly marked products of Poe's genius are to be referred to a diseased mental and nervous condition; which is simply Nordau's contention that all genius is disease. According to this view, all men of great intellectual power—*e. g.*, Nordau himself and Dr. William Lee Howard—are insane; and yet it is a fact that the madhouses are chiefly peopled with the average sort of human beings.

No, the first of American poets was not mad because he wrote "The Raven," and "The House of Usher," and "Ligeia," and "The Red Death." These masterpieces indeed prove that he was at certain fortunate times in possession of that highest and most potential sanity, that *mens divinator*, from which true artistic creation results—always the rarest and most beautiful phenomenon in the world.

Mad! I guess not! but no doubt he was thought to be cracked by the half of his acquaintance, for that is the tribute which mediocrity ever pays to genius. The small grocer folk and their kind about Fordham, as well as some more pretentious respectabilities, looked askance at the poor poet struggling with his burden and his vision; fighting his unequal battle with fate and fortune. In much the same way, though with deeper aversion and contempt, he was regarded by the successful literary cliques of the day, especially the "New England School" of his detestation—those thrifty, cold-blooded, sagacious persons who made so much of their

very moderate talents. Mr. W. D. Howells, the leading inheritor of their spirit, has a poor notion of Poe. In short, our poet was that scandal and contradiction in his own day—a true genius; and he remains an enigma to ours.

But I do not think he was any more a psychopath or a madman than—bless me!—Dr. William Lee Howard himself—though I will grant that, as we are now saying, several things got constantly on his nerves. And among these:

Chronic poverty.

Rejection of his literary claims.

Success of his inferiors.

The insolence of publishers.

Humiliation of spirit.

And—I must grant it—the agony induced by his occasional excesses and his forfeiture of self-respect.

I do not argue that the misfortunes prove the genius, even though in Poe's case they seem to have been the penalty annexed to his extraordinary gifts—the curse of the malignant fairy. But with due respect to the learned authority several times referred to, and in spite of all the Bedlam science in the world, I hold to my faith that true genius is not the negation, but the affirmation of sanity.

As for the literary smugs, to whom Poe is anathema because he *was* a genius and also a scandal, according to their moral code: is it not enough, gentlemen, that you are prosperous, and respectable—and utterly unlike Poe?





EXT to the subject of Poe's drinking habits, which you have to follow like a strong breath through every account of him that I have seen—his faithful biographers give most attention to his borrowings. Hence the typical Poe biography reads, as already suggested, like an indictment.

Now, the fact is, poor Poe was as bad a borrower as he was a drinker—he meant well and heaven knows he tried hard enough in each capacity, but neither part fitted him, and in both he failed to rise to the dignity of the artist. He was truly a bum borrower (this is not a literary essay). He never executed a “touch” with grace or finesse. Instead of going to his friends with endearing assurance, smiling like a May-day at the honor and pleasure he designed them, he put on his hat with the deep black band and went like an undertaker to conduct his own funeral. No wonder they threw him down! But in truth he rarely had the courage to face his man, and so he sent that poor devoted Mrs. Clemm—that paragon of mothers-in-law for a poet!—or else weakly relied on his powers of literary persuasion and courted certain refusal by penning his modest request. Call this man a borrower! Why, he was a parody of Charles Lamb's idea that your true borrower, Alcibiades or Brinsley Sheridan, belongs to a superior kind of humanity, the Great Race—born to rule the rest. He never realized the greatness of the borrowing profession—never rose to it, to take a metaphor from the stage, but remained a mumping, fearful, calamity-inviting, graceless and hopeless, make-believe borrower to the last.

For this his biographers are ashamed of him, as for his sprees, and this also has passed into the popular legend concerning Poe, of which the obscure dramatist (already re-

ferred to) has availed himself. Neither the unknown dramatist nor his biographers have deemed it worth while to explain this phase of Poe's life—these are the facts and here are the letters to Kennedy, Griswold, White, Thomas, Graham, Clarke, Simms, Willis, *et al.* Can you make anything else of them? And another count of the indictment *in re* Edgar Allan Poe is proven.

I am not writing a literary essay, but I must again lay stress on one thing, in extenuation of Poe's inveterate offence of borrowing from his friends—he did it very badly, so badly that this fact alone should excuse him in the eyes of the charitable. Let us also try to bear in mind that the most he could earn, after giving oath-bound guarantees as to sobriety, etc., was Ten Dollars a week—this was the sum for which Burton (the tragic Comedian) hired him and from which in a very short time the same Burton ruthlessly separated him. The joke being that this same fat-headed Burton carried on the affair with a high show of regard for the dignity of the Literary Profession, outraged by Poe! Ten Dollars a week! Why, do you know that our most popular author, Mr. Success G. Smith, is believed to earn about fifty thousand a year with his pen? That Mr. Calcium Give-em-fitts, the fearless exposé of corruption in high places, is worrying along on a beggarly stipend of, say, thirty-five thousand? That the famous society novelist, Mrs. Tuxedo Jones, barely contrives to make ends meet on the same hard terms; and that a score of others might be named whose incomes do not fall below twenty-five thousand?

But, you say, does each and every one of these gifted and fortunate individuals make literature in the sense that Poe made it? My dear sir, these persons are all my intimate friends. I admire their works next to my own, though I confess I do not read them so often. Therefore, to single out one of these distinguished and successful authors for praise would be invidious, and, besides—I am not writing a literary essay.



LAST word as to Poe's enemies—those whom he made for himself and those who were called into being by his literary triumphs. Here again I think Poe failed to hit it off, as he might have done. Though he labored at the gentle art of making enemies with much diligence, he never utilized them with brilliant success in a literary way (most of the criticism which procured him his enemies is hack-writing, not literature). For example, he did not make his enemies serve both his wit and reputation, as Heine so well knew how to do. The latter turned his foes into copy; throughout his life they were his chief literary asset, and I have no doubt that he almost loved them for the literature they enabled him to make. This is the most exquisite revenge upon a literary rival—to make him your pot-boiler and bread-winner as well as a feeder to your fame and glory. It was beyond Poe, and, therefore, the chronicle of his grudges has hardly more piquancy than the tale of his borrowings.

But his biographers weary us with it, as if the matter were of real importance. Nonsense! Our literary manners are doubtless improved since Poe's day; the brethren are surely not so hungry, and there is more fodder to go round (I have said this is not a literary effort). Still the civility is rather assumed than real; there is much spiteful kicking of shins under the table; and private lampoons take the place of the old public personalities. I grant that authors are more generous in their attitude toward one another than formerly, and the fact cannot be disputed that they are fervently sincere in their praise of—the dead ones.

No, we shall not condemn Poe for the enemies he made. The printed word breeds hostility and aversion that the writer wots not of—yea, his dearest friends, scanning his

page with jealous eye, shall take rancor from his most guileless words and cherish it in their bosoms against him. Write, and your friends will love you till they hate you; for there is no fear and jealousy in the world like those that lurk in the printed word. Write then, write deeply enough, down to the truth of your own soul, below the shams of phrase and convention, below your insincerities of self—and you shall have enemies to your heart's desire. The man who could print much and still make no enemies, has never yet appeared on this planet. Certainly it was not he who struggled desperately for the poorest living in and about New York some fifty years ago; who saw his young wife die in want and misery, with the horror of officious charity at the door; who not long afterward and in a kindly dream (as I must think it) left all this coil of trouble and sorrow behind him, bequeathing to immortality the fame of Edgar Poe.



In Re Colonel Ingersoll



IN THIS country freedom is a legal fiction; there are varying degrees of toleration, but no liberty in the true sense.

In England and Prussia, both countries ruled by divine right, there is more personal liberty than in this Republic, which was founded upon the ironical premise that all men are born free and equal.

The battle for freedom goes on eternally—when we stop fighting we slide back into servitude.

In many States of the Union there are laws on the statute books that penalize liberty of thought and speech.

These statutes are mostly derived from Colonial times and the barbarous intolerance of the Old World. They are an organic link between us and the British tyranny from which our patriot fathers appealed to the sword. No statesman or legislator has the courage to demand that they be wiped from the statute-books. It is supposed that the moral sense of the people is somehow concerned in their being kept there—like theology, which no one is able to define, but which many people take to be the highest and most valuable kind of knowledge.

So these cruel old laws are not disturbed by pious legislators, who would make no bones at all of trading in public franchises, or of acting on any proposition with the “immoral majority.” Hypocrisy and fraud respect in these shameful statutes the “wisdom” of our ancestors, and still affect to see in them a safeguard for religion. Hypocrisy and fraud unite to keep them on the law-books where they lie, asleep it may be, but ready-fanged and poisoned should they be invoked at any time to do their ancient office. Many people would be

glad to have these infamous laws erased from the statute-books, but they do nothing about it. The public sense of hypocrisy stands in the way. Legislators fear the protest of what is called "organized religion." Liberty continues to be disgraced in the house of her friends.

New Jersey has laws of this kind. Eighteen years ago one of them was waked from its long sleep in order to punish a man who had exercised the right of free speech. By a strange contradiction—the result of yoking the Era of Liberty with the Age of Oppression—this right of free speech is guaranteed in the Constitution of New Jersey, under which the old cruel Colonial law is allowed to operate. That is to say, the Constitution both guarantees and penalizes the same privilege—a beautiful example of consistency arising from respect for the "wisdom of our ancestors."

The trial attracted universal attention because the bravest and ablest advocate of free speech in our time appeared for the defense. Outside of the great principle involved, there was little in the case to engage the interest or sympathies of Colonel Ingersoll. The defendant was an obscure ex-minister named Reynolds, who had gone over to infidelity. Religion, it must be granted, lost less than Reynolds, who seems to have been unable to maintain himself as a preacher of liberal doctrine. No doubt many ministers have profited by his example and stayed where they were—the free thought standard of ability is a good deal higher than the evangelical. This Reynolds printed and circulated some literature about the Bible. It was merely puerile and foolish, but some people who looked upon Reynolds as a nuisance (which I fear he was) and wanted to punish him, thought it a good case for the old Colonial statute against blasphemy. Accordingly they invoked it, and hence the trial.

The result of this now famous trial for blasphemy proves that a law on the statute-book, no matter how antiquated, bigoted and absurd—and this was all three in the superlative

degree—outweighs with a jury the utmost logic and eloquence of the ablest advocate. Such is the superstition of law and such the desirability of having on our statute-books these bequests from the blind and tyrannous bigotry of the Old World.

We need not condemn the twelve Jersey jurymen for sinning against light—darkness was there in the law and demanded judgment at their hands. Of course, they enjoyed the Colonel's eloquence; his marvelous pleading; his logic that built up and buttressed a whole structure of argument, while his oratory ravished them; his flashes of wit that disarmed every prejudice; his persuasive power that almost convinced them they were free men with no slightest obligation to the servile past. Yes, it must have been like a wonderful play to these simple Jerseymen. No doubt they congratulated themselves that they were privileged spectators, seeing and hearing it for nothing; and they talked or will talk of it to their dying day. I think myself it was one of the most effective and powerful addresses ever made to a jury—one of the finest appeals ever uttered on behalf of liberty—and it will be honored as it deserves when this nation shall be truly free.

I daresay some of these Jerseymen were wavering when the Colonel sat down at last—how could they help it? But the prosecutor reminded them (without any eloquence) of their obligations to city, county and State. Above all, there is the Law—what are you going to do about that, gentlemen? No matter whether it was passed some two hundred years ago and carried over from Oppression to Liberty—no matter whether it was made for a state of civilization, or barbarism, if you please, which we have outgrown—there it stands, the Law which safeguards the Church and the Home—the law which you are sworn to maintain.

Something like this, no doubt, the prosecutor must have

said, but his remarks were few—he did not care to invite a comparison. Besides, he knew his jurymen.

Colonel Ingersoll had made a speech that will live forever.
He lost his case.

New Jersey lost an opportunity.



GREAT many people contend that we now enjoy in this country as much liberty (or toleration) as is good for us. To aim at the full measure which Colonel Ingersoll advocated is, in the opinion of these people, to advance the standard of Anarchy.

By this reasoning a man who is only half or three-quarters well is better off than one in perfect health.

Complete freedom is complete well-being.

Colonel Ingersoll was the foremost champion in our time of the rights of the human spirit.

It has been urged that he spent the best part of his life threshing out old theological straw, fighting battles that had been thoroughly fought out long before his day. Singularly enough, this position is usually taken by persons attached to the theological system against which Ingersoll waged a truceless war. There may be some virtue in the argument, but it surely is not that of consistency.

Let us be fair. Ingersoll was no mere echo and imitator of the great liberals who preceded him. He had a message of his own to his own generation. He was the best-equipped, most formidable and persistent advocate of the liberal principle which this country, at least, has ever known; and it is extremely doubtful if his equal as a popular propagandist was to be found anywhere.

He took new ground. He carried the flag farther than any of his predecessors. He fought without compromise,

neither seeking nor giving quarter. He believed in the sacredness of his cause—the holy cause of liberty. His was no tepid devotion, no Laodicean fervor, no timid acquiescence dictated by reason and half denied by fear.

That uncertain allegiance of the soul which Macaulay describes as the “paradise of cold hearts,” was not for him. The temper of his zeal for liberty can be likened only to a consuming flame; it burned with ever increasing ardor through all the years of his long life; it was active up to the very moment when jealous Death touched his eloquent lips with silence.

It was a grand passion, and, like every grand passion, it had grand results.

Heine has said that no man becomes greatly famous without passion; that it is the mark by which we know the inspired man from the mere servant or spectator of events.

I see this mark in Abraham Lincoln—in the Gettysburg speech, in the Proclamation and some of the Messages. The divine passion that announces a man with a mission and a destiny beyond his fellows.

I see this mark in Robert G. Ingersoll. I have lately read the greater part of his work—lectures, speeches, controversial writings—and the cumulative sense I take from it is that of wonder at the passion of the man. Perhaps it never found better, never attained higher expression than in these words:

“I plead for light, for air, for opportunity. I plead for individual independence. I plead for the rights of labor and of thought. I plead for a chainless future. Let the ghosts go—justice remains. Let them disappear—men and women and children are left. Let the monsters fade away—the world is here with its hills and seas and plains, with its seasons of smiles and frowns, its spring of leaf and bud, its summer of shade and flower and murmuring stream, its autumn with the laden boughs, when the withered banners of the corn are still and gathered fields are growing strangely wan; while

death, poetic death, with hands that color what they touch, weaves in the autumn wood her tapestries of gold and brown.

"The world remains with its winters and homes and fire-sides, where grow and bloom the virtues of our race. Let the ghosts go—we will worship them no more.

"Man is greater than these phantoms. Humanity is grander than all the creeds, than all the books. Humanity is the great sea, and these creeds, and books, and religions are but the waves of a day. Humanity is the sky, and these religions and dogmas and theories are but the mists and clouds changing continually, destined finally to melt away.

"That which is founded on slavery, and fear, and ignorance cannot endure."



IS agreed by persons who make it a virtue never to say what they really think, that Colonel Ingersoll was without influence upon the intelligent thought of the day—by which intelligent thought they mean themselves.

If this be true, we lack an explanation of the fact that his books and lectures are selling by the thousands, both in this country and in England. If the testimony of the book-stalls amounts to anything, then the great Agnostic did not cast his "seed of perdition" upon barren ground. Whether for right or wrong, whether for good or evil, his word is marching on.

From the Silence that comes to all men he has gained a higher claim upon our attention, a more valid right to plead. We remember that he was faithful unto death. With the cessation of that defiant personality, about which so long raged the din of controversy, men have leave to study his best thought in the dry light of reason. He that is dead overcometh.

During his life Colonel Ingersoll gave and took many hard blows—that is, he fought his adversaries with the weapons of their choice.

Often it seemed to those who were in sympathy with much that he said, with much that he contended for, that he might have used softer words; that he might have dealt less brutally with inherited beliefs and prejudices; in short, that he might have employed rosewater instead of vitriol.

The answer to this is, Colonel Ingersoll fought without compromise. From his first public utterance he made his position plain. He never faltered, shuffled or equivocated. He knew that mutual compliments cloud the issue; he asked none, gave none.

But the fact really is, he was far kinder and more charitable toward his adversaries than they were toward him. Besides, they had a great advantage in unkindness: they were always sending him to *their* hell—and he had no hell to send them to!

However, I do not believe that Colonel Ingersoll would have fared much better at the hands of the clergy had he, while professing infidelity, made his declaration of unfaith in the mildest and most colorless terms. Euphemism would not have saved the Colonel, and this he well knew, having one of the most logical minds in the world.

No infidel was ever so tender toward the sensibilities of the orthodox as Ernest Renan, who, though he left the altar, yet (as Ingersoll shrewdly said) carried the incense a great part of his journey with him.

Renan's attitude toward the old faith which he had renounced was that of a sentimental iconoclast—but an iconoclast, for all that. He wrote his "Life of Jesus" with a kind of pious infidelity, coloring it with such euphemism; handling it with such precaution, that some persons took it for an orthodox account. He discloses his motive in the prefaces but almost suppresses it in the body of the book. His criti-

cism is the best in the world, his romance no better than Chateaubriand's—a woman said that the "Life of Jesus" read as if it was going to end with a marriage! In my poor opinion one or two chapters of Renan's "Recollections" is worth the "Life of Jesus."

Renan loved the grand old Church which had educated him, as his "dearest foe." His mind had been formed by contact with her at a hundred points. The poetry of her ritual, the pomp of her service, the grandeur of her titles, the majesty of her spiritual dominion, never quite lost their power to impress his soul—even when he was prophesying that the days of her greatness were numbered. He spoke of the clergy always with respect, often with compliment, declaring in his latest book that he had never known a bad priest. He abhorred all coarseness, all invective, all vulgarity, all violence. Nothing common, low or brutal was ever suffered to mar the translucent mirror of his perfect style. In theory a democrat, he had the mental manners which are fostered by a clerical aristocracy. Every faculty of his mind paid homage to the Church, except his reason.

Renan never lost his feeling of reverence for the sacred mysteries of the faith in which his youth was cradled—but he wrote the "Prayer on the Acropolis." He rebuked Strauss and Feuerbach for the ruthless way in which they attacked the Christian legend—he pleaded for tenderness in demolishing a religion which had been the hope of the world. He confessed that he never could wholly put off the cassock, and he seemed like an unfrocked bishop on the heights of science. If ever an infidel deserved charity at the hands of the clergy, that infidel was Renan.

Did he get it?—not even Voltaire was assailed with a greater virulence of ecclesiastical rancor, the most infernal malice ever planted in the heart of man.

The ecclesiastical spirit is the same in all ages. It crucified Jesus of Nazareth, it burned Giordano Bruno. When Serve-

tus writhed at the stake in his death agony, Calvin, his murderer, drew near, saluted him as the son of the devil and piously committed his soul to hell.

Renan was cursed and slandered with that special ingenuity which has always belonged to the Church, and the priests whom he was in the habit of complimenting, with great fervor saluted him as the Anti-Christ!

Colonel Ingersoll's reasoning was good. Compliments are vain in an irreconcilable conflict.



MOST speeches are not literature—they do not read as they were heard, as they were spoken. Lacking the living voice, the speaking eye, the personality from which they derived their force, they seem cold, inanimate, without that vital principle which is the product of genius and art.

The orator's triumphs are usually short-lived, like those of the actor. They are the children of the time, not of the eternities.

But there are exceptions, though rare, and among these we may reckon the best speeches of Colonel Ingersoll.

Our American literature has nothing better of their kind than the Decoration Day Oration, the lectures on Ghosts, Orthodoxy, Superstition, Individuality, Liberty for Man, Woman and Child, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Humboldt, Thomas Paine, and some others.

These are so vital, so charged with intellectual power, so instinct with a passionate love of truth and justice, so eloquent and logical, so clear and convincing—above all, so readable—that they can afford to dispense with the living voice; that is, they are in a true sense literature.

I doubt if this enviable distinction belongs in equal measure to any other American orator.

The explanation is that Colonel Ingersoll was an artist as well as an orator: he knew that without the preserving touch of art, the most impassioned oratory soon goes back to common air. He was one of the great masters of our English speech, never seeking the abstruse or the obsolete, believing that the tongue of Shakespeare was adequate to every necessity of argument, every excursion of fancy, every sentiment of poetry, every demand of oratory.

His skill in construction, in antithesis, in balancing periods, in leading up to the lofty climax which crowned the whole, was that of a wizard of speech. He never fell short or came tardy off—his means were always adequate to his ends; and the close of every speech was like a strain of music. Rich as his mind was, immense his intellectual resources, undaunted the bravery of his spirit, there was yet manifest in all his work the wise husbandry of genius. His power never ran to excess; never dwindled to impotence.

Nature, too, is economical and dislikes to double her gifts: yet this man was a great poet as well as a great orator. I have quoted above a paragraph from one of his orations, which is the fine gold of sterling poetry.

Charles Lamb tells us that "Prose hath her harmonies no less than Verse," and we know that the speech of every true orator is rhythmic. It was eminently so with Colonel Ingersoll, who, like Dickens, often fell unconsciously into blank verse. Here are a few examples taken at random; and first this bit of what we are now calling "nature poetry:"

"The rise and set of sun,
The birth and death of day,
The dawns of silver and the dusks of gold,
The wonders of the rain and snow,
The shroud of winter and
The many-colored robes of spring;
The lonely moon with nightly loss or gain,

The serpent lightning and the thunder's voice,
The tempest's fury and the breath of morn,
The threat of storm and promise of the bow."

Nothing could excel in beauty and metrical grace this description of the old classic myths:

"They thrilled the veins of Spring with tremulous desire;
Made tawny Summer's billowed breast the throne and home
of Love;
Filled Autumn's arms with sun-kissed grapes and gathered
sheaves;
And pictured Winter as a weak old king
Who felt, like Lear, upon his withered face,
Cordelia's tears."

This on Shakespeare, reveals the poet in the orator:

"He knew the thrills and ecstasies of love,
The savage joys of hatred and revenge.
He heard the hiss of envy's snakes
And watched the eagles of ambition soar.
There was no hope that did not put its star above his
head—
No fear he had not felt—
No joy that had not shed its sunshine on his face."

The critics, I am aware, make this kind of writing a fault in prose, but we should be glad to get real poetry, wherever we may find it. Colonel Ingersoll's greatest distinction as a poet is, that he never fails to interest us—the regular metre-mongers may well envy him.





LIKE his distinct literary style—the style of his miscellanies, of his controversial papers, of his occasional bits of wisdom and fancy and criticism. Perhaps the thoroughly human side of the man is best seen in these unrelated efforts—these vagrant children of his mind. You know that this man thought before he took the pen in hand. He writes without pretence, without the vices of the literary habit, without artifice or evasion,—clearly, frankly, as a gentleman should speak. In written controversy he was relentless in his logic,—pressing the point home,—but unfailing in courtesy. As he himself would have said, his mental manners were good—they were at any rate “sweetness and light” compared with those of his adversaries.

He did not profess to love his enemies, yet he treated them more humanely than many who made that profession.

We are never to forget that the chief article of his offending was, that he made war upon the dogma of an everlasting hell.

In his controversies he was never worsted and his victories seem not less due to his own fairness in argument and tenacity of logic than to the weakness and confusion of his opponents. The natural and the supernatural can not maintain a profitable argument. They can never agree and, strictly speaking, one can not overcome the other—they occupy separate realms.

It is useless for a man who believes in miracles to argue with a man who does not—a miracle and a fact are in the nature of things irreconcilable.

Renan said to the theologians, “Come, gentlemen, let us have one miracle here before the savants in Paris—that will end the dispute forever.” He asked in vain—miracles are

no longer granted for the conversion of infidels, and if they occur at all, it is before witnesses whose faith predisposes them to belief. It may be hazarded that no one ever believed in a miracle who did not wish to believe in it.

From a human standpoint—we really don't know of any other—the honors of controversy usually fell to Colonel Ingersoll. His apparent victories were, of course, easily waived by those who believed that they had miraculous truth on their side. Yet they must have regretted that the supernatural can be so ill defended. That all the advantage of reason would seem to be with the enemy of light. That one who can make himself understood should prevail over the champion of Divine truth, which is in its nature incomprehensible. That it should be so hard to square reason with revelation, fact with fable, method with miracle, dreams with demonstrations.

Of all these tourneys of skill and wit and logic, Colonel Ingersoll is seen at his best in his reply to Gladstone. Perhaps nothing that he ever did more thoroughly certifies the power and keenness of his mind, the bed-rock of his convictions. He was like an athlete rejoicing in his strength; merciful to his adversary, as feeling that the victory was sure; always conscious of his power, but ruling himself with perfect poise. The one touch of malice that he allowed himself was when he quoted for Mr. Gladstone's benefit the saying of Aristotle, that "clearness is the virtue of style:" this arrow pierced the heart of the British behemoth.

In truth, Mr. Gladstone, the man of many languages, the world-famed orator, the "most learned layman in Europe," appeared at a ludicrous disadvantage in his duel with the American. He tried to write in the bishop's voice, to overawe his adversary with Greek and Latin quotations, omitting to give the English equivalent. He begged the question, floundered about it, did everything but argue it, and finally took refuge behind the "exuberance of his own

verbosity." Colonel Ingersoll, cool, relentless, urbane, inflexible, asked only for the facts: Mr. Gladstone, flustered, irritated, conscious of his weakness, had none to give and raised a cloud of words. In this world Mr. Gladstone never answered Colonel Ingersoll's reply—perhaps he is occupying himself with a rejoinder in the next.



OLONEL Ingersoll has been so slandered and defamed by the friends of orthodox religion that many people have no just idea of the man or of the principles for which he contended. Slander is too often the favorite weapon of those who love their enemies as themselves. It was used so effectively against Voltaire that even at this late day many liberal Christians are afraid to read him.

Let us see. Did Ingersoll say there is no God?

No; he said he did not know.

What did he deny as to God?

He denied the existence of the personal Jewish God—the Jehovah of the Hebrew Scriptures.

He denied and repudiated the dogma of an eternal hell, said to have been made by this Jehovah in order to gratify his revenge upon the great majority of the human race.

Did he attack Christianity?

He attacked only the evil part of it, in so far as it justified and continued the curses of the Old Testament. He made a distinction between the real and the theological Christ; the first he honored as a great moral teacher and a martyr of freedom, killed by the orthodox priests of his day; the second he denied and repudiated as a creation of men.

Did he believe in a Hereafter?

He believed that no one could know whether there is or is not a future life of the soul. But he was not without the

hope of immortality which has in all ages cheered and fortified the heart of man.

It follows from all this that he did not accept the Revelation of the Hebrew Bible, its cosmogony, geology or morality; nor the New Testament with its Scheme of Atonement and threat of Eternal Damnation—God suffering in his own person for the sins of the world, yet condemning the far greater number of his children to everlasting pain.

What positive effect had his example and teaching?

It liberalized the creeds in spite of themselves.

It made the preaching of hell unpopular.

It made for sanity in religion and enlarged the province of honest doubt.

It caused men to think more of the simple human virtues and less of the theological ones.

There is no doubt at all that it saved many from the madhouse who might have accused themselves of committing the Unpardonable Sin.

It helped to make better husbands, kinder fathers, more loyal and loving sons.

It was a great step toward freedom and light. It enlarged the horizon of hope—it advanced the standard of liberty.

Was his teaching in any degree or sense offensive?

Only to those who were committed to one or other of the creeds derived from the Jewish Bible. Still, he did them good, though they would not admit it.

Colonel Ingersoll was a free man, talking in a country where all are presumed to be free, yet his courage, more than the laws, protected him.

He upheld public and private morality and was himself an exemplar of both.

He loved only one woman as his wife and lived with her in perfect honor and fidelity. He loved his children and was idolized by them.

His abilities and services reflected honor upon the state.

It is agreed that but for his religious views, he might have reached the greatest honor in the nation's gift. As it is, he has gained a place in the Republic of Intellect to which few of our Presidents may aspire.

His crime was, that he had elected to exercise his reason, had interrogated Revelation, put Moses in the witness-box and asked for the facts.



OLONEL Ingersoll belongs with the select company of the great Americans.

He is of the fellowship of Jefferson and Franklin, of Lincoln and Sumner. His patriotism was second only to his passion for universal liberty. He loved his country beyond everything except freedom. He was not a fireside patriot—the temper of his devotion had been proved in the baptism of battle. His patriotic speeches rank with the best in our literature: the Vision of War is as high an utterance as Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech and as surely immortal.

He was a great American, loving liberty, fraternity, equality. He hated the spirit of Caste which he saw rising among our people, and he struck at it with all the force of his honest anger.

He despised the worship of titles among the rich, their tuft-hunting, aping of aristocratic airs and mean prostration before the self-styled nobility of the Old World. To him the most loathsome object in the world was an American ashamed of his country.

He urged that the representatives of republics should have precedence at Washington. He condemned the flummery of our diplomatic etiquette, the foolish kow-towing designed to flatter the ambassadors of servile nations.

His patriotism was purer than that of our Christian states-

men who wish to subjugate in the name of liberty—to expand in territory and contract in honor.

He was an individualist, believing that equal rights and equal opportunities hold the solution of every social problem.

He saw no evil in wealth, save the abuse of it, and he did not think it a virtue to be poor.

He believed that everyone was entitled to comfort, well-being, happiness in this world. He denied that God has purposely divided his children into rich and poor; he saw in this the teaching of a false religious system which has sanctioned every oppression and injustice, and has cursed the earth with misery.

He regarded pauperism not as a proof of the special favor of God, but as an indictment of man.

He was a lover of justice, of mercy, of humanity. He was a true friend of the toiling millions and in their behalf pleaded for a working day of eight hours. Christianity had long suffered it, but he was unwilling that a single over-burdened creature should "curse God and die."

He pleaded for the abolition of the death penalty, that relic of savagery. He hated all forms of cruelty and violence, but especially those that claim the sanction of law. He denounced the whipping post in Delaware—and Delaware replied by a threat to indict him for blasphemy.

He pleaded for the abolition of poverty and drunkenness, for the fullest liberation of woman, for the rights of the child.

His great heart went out in sympathy to every thing that suffers—to the dumb animals, beaten and over-laden; to the feathered victims of caprice and cruelty.

The circle of this man's philanthropy was complete. He filled the measure of patriotism, of civic duty, of the sacred relations of husband and father, of generosity and kindness toward his fellow men. But he had committed treason against the Unknown, and this, in spite of the fame and

success which his talents commanded, made of him a social Pariah. The herd admired and envied his freedom, but for the most part, they gave him the road and went by on the other side.

This country is freer and better for the life of Colonel Ingersoll.

There is more light, more air in the prison-house of theology.

God may be a guess, but man is a certainty; men are thinking more of their obligations toward those about them—the weak, the helpless, the fallen,—and less about securing for themselves a halo and a harp in the New Jerusalem.

Ingersoll's great lesson that men can not love one another if they believe in a God of hate, is bearing fruit.

The hypocrite shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Truth will yet compel all the churches to cease libeling God and to honor humanity. . . .

The great man whose worth and work I have barely glanced at in these pages, said bravely, that he cared less for the freedom of religion than for the Religion of Freedom. When that larger light shall flood the world—and not until then—his services to the cause of Truth, of Liberty and Humanity will be fitly honored.

As for his literary testament, I find it easy to believe that many a noble sentence winged with the utmost felicity of speech, many a fine sentiment, the fruit of his kindlier thought, many a tender word spoken to alleviate the sorrow of death, will long remain. Even the professed critics who make so small ado of the Colonel's literary merits, may well envy him the noble essay on Shakespeare, the more powerful one on Voltaire, or the beautiful memorial tribute to Walt Whitman. And it may that "so long as love kisses the lips

of death," so long shall men and women, in the nighted hour of grief and loss, bless the name of him who touched the great heart of humanity in that high and unmatched deliverance at his brother's grave. . . .

From a sunken Syrian tomb long antedating the Christian era, Ernest Renan brushed away the dust and found inscribed thereon the single word,

"Courage!"



Richard Wagner's Romance.



THE story of the man of genius who finds inspiration in another man's wife is not a new one, and it may even be called trite, but it is one to which the world always lends a willing ear.

This is the story revealed in the recently published English version of the letters of Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck. In Germany, sweet land of sentiment, the book has reached the twentieth edition and is generally acclaimed as a true classic. In Germany, also, the alleged Platonic motive of the letters, elsewhere looked at askance, is easily admitted, since, as is well known to the nightingales and the lindens, a German lover will pursue an ardent courtship through a dozen years without daring once to put an arm around his divinity's waist. Art and love are a great patience in Germany.

They were surely so in the case of Richard Wagner; and it is characteristic of the Teuton, that he has left the world in doubt as to whether his patience was ever rewarded.

The doubt is indeed the chief provocation of these letters (outside of Germany), and furnishes the artistic motive by which they will endure.

Or, to put the matter plainly, *the other man's wife* supplies the interest of this book. As of many others in the biography of greatness.

Think you had these letters been addressed to Frau Wagner, that all the chaste nightingales of Germany would now be tuning in their praise? Or that our own sentimentalists, with the unsexed Corybantes of music, would be swelling such a chorus of acclaim? Would the world be eager to identify Frau Wagner with the conception of "Isolde," and

should we be hearing all this patter about ideal union of souls, spiritual passion, etc., etc.? Not so!—the world will not tolerate the indecency of a man of genius loving his wife and personifying her in the creations of his art.

There is not a single truly famous book in the world's literature, of letters written by a man of genius to his wife.

The letters are always written to some other woman and, preferably, *some other man's wife*. Why this should be so, only the good Lord knows who made us as we are.

Poor Penelope keeps house, often red-eyed and sad, during the excursions of genius; she treasures up with a broken-hearted care and stores away in a lavender-scented drawer with the early love-letters (of which the genius is now ashamed) curt messages on postal cards—hurry-up requests for clean linen or an extra "nighty"; express tags speaking eloquently of some cheap gift by which the great man discharged the obligation of writing (preserved by the simple soul because he had scrawled her name upon them); and perhaps a small packet of letters that deal wholly with his ideas of domestic government, usually couched in a peevish tone and with a hard selfishness of intention that strangely contrasts with the man's meditated, public revelation of self—not a flower of the heart in them all, as poor Penelope, starving for a word of love, sees through her dropping tears.

Now these things have some value to a neglected wife, but they can not usefully be worked up in the biography of a man of genius.

What wonder that Penelope takes into her tender bosom the subtle demon of jealousy, becomes a shrew and a scold, and presently—goaded by the man's cold and steady refusal to satisfy her by giving her the love which she knows with a woman's sure instinct is being secretly lavished upon another—what wonder, I say, that Penelope under such maddening provocation, finding herself a cheated and unloved wife,

becomes that favorite handiwork of the Devil on this earth—a good woman turned into a Fury!

And the beauty of it is that at this moment she sets out to justify, in the wrong-headed fashion of a woman who knows that she can take her marriage certificate to Heaven with her,—the infidelity of her husband.

He, being a man of genius, easily gets the sympathy of the world—especially of all good and virtuous women, every one of whom feels that she would have been able to satisfy the gifted person and keep him properly straight. And the great man adds to the laurel of fame the crown of domestic martyrdom.

Of course, the injured wife might have played her game better, but it was not in the cards for her to win,—having married a genius.

So it has come to be an axiom that the artistic temperament disqualifies a man for the sober state of matrimony; and many are the cases cited to prove it, from the wife of Socrates to Jane Welsh Carlyle or Frau Wagner. The woes of the unhappily mated genius clamor down the ages like the harsh echoes of a family row before the policeman reaches the corner. Also they make a large figure in what is called polite literature, especially as the sorely tried genius finds in the sorrows of his hearth a strong incentive to the production of copy. Hence the thing is not without its compensations, and the lovers of gossip, who are always the chief patrons of literature, do not seek their food in vain.

I suspect that the matter of vanity has much to do with cooking the domestic troubles—*his* word is “tragedy”—of the genius. It is very hard to domesticate the species, and wonderful is the arrogance which the notion of genius will breed in the homeliest man, causing him to look with easy contempt on the beautiful woman who perhaps married him

out of pity. The artist is the peacock among husbands—his lofty soul, his majestic port, his rainbow plumage and even, as he thinks, the beauty of his voice—that top note especially!—move him to a measureless disdain of the annoyingly constant, unvaried and tiresome hero-worship of his plain little mate—it is quite curious how after a time he can not see her beauty. To be sure, she has her home uses, and very convenient at times they are, even to the most glorious of peacocks; but he is for the Cosmos and must not limit his resplendency to a narrow poultry-yard—go to, woman! And there you are.

Then, of course, the artist must be always in quest of new sensations,—in other words, must feed his genius, to which satiety is death; and it seems to be agreed that such sensations and experiences are only to be had from other women, or at least, some other woman—and how are you going to get away from that?

I have heard of a certain man, of coarse fibre, who would have given his soul to be thought an artist; who plotted asleep and awake, during long years, to get rid of his lawful wife and take on a woman he believed to be his affinity. The man's passionate desire to work this wrong gave him a kind of power and eloquence which, strange to say, failed him when at last he had succeeded in carrying out his purpose. And then, so the gossip ran, he wished to win the old love back again (coupled in his memory with both unrest and power), but that, of course, was hopeless; so that verily the last state of this man was worse than the first.

All of which is not without bearing upon the story of Richard Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonck.

I am not concerned to upset the Platonic theory, so dear to German sentimentalists, of the love-affair between the great Wagner and the wife of Herr Wesendonck. People will judge according to the evidence and their private feelings. It must be allowed that there are expressions in the

letters that would go far toward establishing a crim. con. in the case of any but a German like Wagner and a master sentimentalist at that. Such a passage as this for example:

“Once more, that thou couldst hurl thyself on every conceivable sorrow of the world to say to me, ‘I love thee,’ redeemed me and won for me that ‘solemn pause’ whence my life has gained another meaning.

“But that state divine indeed was only to be won at cost of all the griefs and pains of love—we have drunk them to their very dregs! And now, after suffering every sorrow, being spared no grief, now must the quick of that higher life show clear what we have won through all the agony of those birth-throes.”

I repeat, only a German sentimentalist could hold such language without compelling an obvious conclusion. The fact that in the face of this and similarly passionate avowals, public opinion in Germany absolves the lovers of any positive guilt in their relations, is a high tribute to that national virtue which was anciently celebrated by Tacitus and more recently by Heinrich Heine.

It is the greater pity that the English translation should have been made by a gushing, lymphatic person, one W. Ashton Ellis, who instead of suffering the letters to speak for themselves, writes me a sloppy preface wherein he seeks to clear Frau Wesendonck’s character, in advance, and thereby naturally awakens the reader’s doubts. I protest but for this marplot fellow I should have set it all down to the account of German sentimentalism and have laid the book aside without hearing anything worse than the nightingale in the linden, pouring forth his soul in the enchanted moonlight of German poesy. But now it is spoiled for me by such twaddle as this:

“This placid, sweet Madonna, the perfect emblem of a pearl, not opal, her eyes still dreaming of Nirvana,—no! emphatically no! she could not once have been swayed by car-

nal passion. In these letters all is pure and spiritual, a Dante and a Beatrice; so must it have been in their intercourse."

This illustrates how the defense is so often fatal in matters of literary biography. And yet I have not heard of a literary man wise enough to ask that neither his memory nor his acts should ever be defended.

Many a small person contrives to attract a moment's notice by defending the silent great.

Fame has no more subtle irony.

Richard Wagner met Mathilde Wesendonck in 1852 when he was forty years old and she twenty-four. He had already written "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin." Nobody has ever dreamed of attributing the inspiration of any of these works to his wife Minna.

It is seldom indeed that a woman is credited with inspiring a man of genius—after she has married him. As a literary theory the thing is not popular.

Wagner's wife had been an opera singer. It is admitted even by the great man's jealous biographers, that she was of more than ordinary beauty, that she shared bravely his early hardships and that she was a pure and loyal wife.

But it seems certain that she did not inspire the great man. In his later life he was wont to say that his wedlock had been nothing but a trial of his patience and pity; perhaps he was indebted for this to his vanity rather than his recollection.

Mathilde, on the contrary, was Wagner's inspiration, for has he not told us so?—though to be sure we may credit her with inspiring only one opera, "Tristan and Isolde." Unfortunately, she was the wife of another man, but again fortunately, her husband was of a truly Germanic simplicity and child-like trust.

Herr Wesendonck was also a man of means and could

give his wife the indulgence of many luxuries and whims, which must have added to her attractiveness in the eyes of the struggling man of genius. Money has never been known to cheapen the charms of a really desirable woman.

Portraits of Mathilde show a Madonna-like face of pure and delicate outline, with eyes of haunting tenderness and a mouth of sensitive appeal—such lips, so sweet yet sad, so inviting yet so free from sensual suggestion, are seen only among the higher types of German beauty. Not, I grant you, a face indicating carnal passion, but what then?—many a woman who looked like a Madonna has loved not wisely but too well, and some have been known to bear children in the human fashion.

I have never seen a portrait of Herr Wesendonck.

Truly he deserves one for consenting to the romance which has immortalized his name. Wagner seems to have felt this when he once wrote Herr Wesendonck that the latter should have a place with him in the history of art. In this letter Wagner says nothing of the fine set of horns which (outside of Germany) an evil-minded generation has freely awarded his generous friend.

Mark here again the gushing Ellis:—

“It is as a knightly figure that he (Herr Wesendonck) will ever abide in the memory of all who met him, and surely truer knightliness than he displayed in a singularly difficult conjuncture, can nowhere have been found outside King Arthur’s court. Undoubtedly it was he who was the greatest sufferer for several years,—by no means Minna,—years of perpetual heart-burnings bravely borne.”

Herr Wesendonck was indeed a pattern husband for a young woman of romantic yearnings.

He shared her admiration for Wagner’s genius and for a long time refused to see that his wife was actuated by any other motive.

He gave Wagner financial aid and finally offered him,

with Minna, a home in a pretty cottage on his estate at Zurich.

He tolerated the connection even after it had become the occasion of bitter quarrels on his domestic hearth.

On the whole, I am persuaded that a figure of like chivalry is not to be found outside of Germany, nor perhaps anywhere since the noble Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance.

Mathilde's few letters tell us nothing—her soul is never unveiled—she compels us to take Wagner's word for the whole of the romance. Her attitude in this correspondence—if such it may be called—puts the great man in a dubious light. We may not think the less of the artist, but the man loses nobility; Herr Wesendonck gets his revenge.

But at last Minna intercepted one of Wagner's letters to Mathilde (which is not given in this collection), and delivered it herself, with words suiting the occasion. Naturally, this broke up the arrangements at Zurich; Wagner sent his wife back to her parents and betook himself to Venice. Herr Wesendonck's conduct in the circumstances was without a flaw: this admirable man seems truly worthy both of Germany and Spain.

There is a harmless mania for identifying particular persons with poetic creations, and with such hints as Wagner constantly threw out during the period of their attachment, it was impossible that Mathilde should escape.

"With thee I can do all things," he says, "without thee, nothing!"

This was not strictly true, however, and must be taken as a poetic license, since he wrote several operas before meeting her and did some of his greatest work long after the parting.

But let me not discourage the sentimentalists. It is true

that he said, "For having written the 'Tristan' I thank you from my deepest soul to all eternity."

It is also certain that he used to write his music with a gold pen that Mathilde had given him, and that in exile he received from her a package of his favorite zwieback with tears of joy. For these and other reasons I would not deny her title to be regarded as the original inspiration of "Tristan and Isolde."

Still, we have all heard of another enamored young person who, when her lover had got himself somewhat desperately out of the way—

"Went on eating bread and butter."

Absence, it appears, had some effect in cooling the romantic fervors of Mathilde. Some half-dozen years after the rupture at Zurich, "Tristan and Isolde," that "child of our sorrows," as Wagner lovingly wrote her and to which her name for good or evil is now linked forever, was produced for the first time in Munich.

Mathilde had the earliest invitation, with the composer's own compliments; but she did not attend, and the heart of Minna was not harrowed by seeing her name "among those present."

It is no reproach to the nightingales of Germany that they sang longer in the heart of her lover. . . .

And the lindens bloom on immortally.



Saint Mark.



RE-ENTER the *Sieur de Conte*! . . .

Our gallant old friend makes as knightly a show as of yore when first he rode into the lists and pledged his fealty to the stainless Maid.

But alas! his hair that rivaled the raven's wing for blackness, is now white as carded wool. Yet has that eye lost nothing of its old fire and the years have but fetched new strength and cunning to his hand. And methinks the *Sieur* fights with a tempered skill and a wary shrewdness that were not always his in the old days—by my halidom, I would not care to be the Holy Council at Rome with such a champion pitted against me! For indeed the Holy Council may pow-wow as long or as short as may please their holinesses—the world at the challenge of the *Sieur de Conte*, has awarded the crown of saintship to Joan of Arc. The living voice, the magic pen of the *Sieur de Conte* are worth all their musty raking from the past; are more than worth their pretended authority to decide the question. If the Holy Fathers have dropped the matter for the nonce, as rumor now declares, they have but done the thing that might have been expected of them. The Church is ever too wise to invite defeat, too politic to issue a dead-letter, too strong in its divine right to surrender on heretic compulsion. Besides, it is here to stay forever; and shall it be moved for a chit of a girl who has been dead only a matter of five hundred years?—Tut, tut,—there is always plenty of time!

The *Sieur de Conte* (otherwise Mark Twain) in all that he has written on the subject, has failed to point out one extraordinary fact with regard to Joan of Arc. I am glad that he has left it to me. It is this: Since that fearful day in

Rouen when she was led to her martyrdom by fire, she has been the glory of the faith and the shame of the Church. That is why she has waited so long for the formal warrant of saintship. That is why the Devil's Advocate has so far prevailed to deny her on earth the crown she wears in Heaven. That is why the Church, unless moved to it by political reasons, will not canonize her.

Do not think this a musty old question which interests only a few droning priests sitting in a back room of the Vatican, and here and there a poetic idealist like the *Sieur de Conte*. By no means!—it is a question as vital as the fame of the Maid herself, calling forth champions and antagonists in every age. It is a plague-sore in the side of the Church—put your finger there! It never has been settled because it never could and never can be settled to the credit of the Church. Also I believe it is bound up with the eternal question of liberty, in whose holy cause the Maid fought and suffered.

Joan of Arc was done to death by the priests and theologians of the day, urged on by the civil power in the hands of her French and English enemies. I am aware that her death is not chargeable, in a direct sense, to the Church, and it is deemed likely by *Lamartine* that she would have been saved had she known enough to appeal directly to Rome. I am aware that, short of canonization, the Church has done what it could to make amends to the memory of Joan of Arc. To give her the crown of saintship now, would not restore the credit of the Church, but would rather irreparably damage it in the eyes of the world. For the two or three hundred priests and theologians who judged the Maid, as well as the godly men of the Inquisition of Paris who damned her as a child of the Devil, were in loyal communion with the Church and were, in fact, part of its machinery. Still, it is certain that the Church, in its true representative and executive character, did not incur the guilt and odium of

Joan's death. But the whole system arrogating divine powers and claiming the right to draw supernatural warrants, was involved in the trial and murder of the Maid; was judged by the measure with which it meted to her; and is now of a truth dead forever to the more enlightened part of mankind. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of liberty!

A certain set of apologists on behalf of the Church try to cast all the blame of Joan's persecution and death on the English. To be sure, the English had the best right to hate her and to seek her destruction, for had she not beaten them in many battles and all but driven them out of the fair land of France, which they had come to regard as their own? But let us be fair; her own countrymen shared to the full in the guilt and the shame of her death—nothing can clear them of that! Besides, we are not to forget that both French and English were in that day of the same religious faith. Not a single heretic took part in the proceedings against Joan, from the holy clerics of the Inquisition of Paris who pronounced anathema upon her, to Bishop Cauchon, that zealous prototype of Fouquier Tinville, who sought her blood openly and thirsted for it with an eager relish that shocked even his fellow judges; or the rude soldiers who kept guard *within* her cell and probably caused her as much anguish, at times, as the threat of the fire. They were all children of the One True Faith, and the stain of her innocent blood is upon every one of them, French and English. Make no mistake about that!

Indeed, we can not go astray as to the facts, and these themselves can not be twisted to the purpose of special pleading; for the whole plan of the murder of Joan of Arc, the carefully marked steps by which it was relentlessly carried out, the heroic but ineffectual struggles of the victim, the unspeakable devices resorted to, in order to circumvent and destroy her, the pitiless, unhalting purpose of her prosecutors, marked as with a pencil of red,—are laid bare to us,

by the sworn testimony of eye-witnesses, with a fulness of detail and a veracity of statement which leave hardly a question to be asked or a doubt to be solved. It is all there—the conspiracy of power, learning and holiness (God save the mark!) against one helpless, ignorant, innocent girl. We see the suavely ferocious Cauchon pressing her with both his holy hands toward the scaffold—he was excommunicated some years afterward, but it didn't save the Church's credit. We see that formidable array of priests setting the utmost skill of their wits, the deepest resources of their cunning, against a simple country girl who could neither read or write a name which is now one of the best known on the earth; trying by every art of casuistry to wrest or surprise from her an admission that should send her to the flames.

Let us be just: they were not all equally guilty, not all equally intent on the slaughter of the innocent lamb before them. Not one was as bad as the monster Cauchon, and to be strictly fair even to that consecrated beast, not one had Cauchon's motive—but the fact does not save the Church's credit. Some of these priests had kind hearts and would gladly have sent the child home to her mother; but they lacked the power. Besides, they were captives themselves, bound hand and foot with the fetters of superstition and devil-born lunacy, misnamed religious fervor; daunted by monstrous ignorance, and mythic fears of hell and darkness, chrisomed and holy-watered into a pretence of light and knowledge—aye, they were cowering slaves, branded and obedient to the lash, and she standing free and enfranchised in her chains!

Though I am the first to call attention to the matter, there are many points of likeness between the trial of Jesus Christ and the trial of Joan of Art. They were both sold for a price of silver. Both were martyrs of liberty. Both perished through a combination of forces political and priestly. Christ had Caiaphas; Joan had Cauchon, something the

worst of it. The chief accusers, the head prosecutors of each were priests, and as the Jews cried out at the trial of Jesus, "His blood be upon us and upon our children!"—so might the priests have cried out at the condemnation of Joan, "Her blood be upon us and upon the Church!" It is there yet—the excommunication of Cauchon and the reversal of the Judgment have not removed it. Something more will have to be done ere that Great Wrong can be righted.

But having shown the great similarity marking the trials of Jesus Christ and Joan of Arc, I now wish to call attention to a most striking point of unlikeness, which is even more suggestive than the resemblance shown. It is this: among the judges of Joan of Arc—priests as they were or deemed themselves to be, of the Christ of love and mercy—there was none so merciful as Pontius Pilate, whose memory is not held in much honor by the Christian world; not one had the courage or the humanity to wash his hands of the intended murder. Some desired it out of their blind ignorance and cruel fanaticism; many no doubt regretted it, as a severe but salutary act of faith; all consented to it! The responsibility is thus landed squarely where it belongs, on the official religion which was then in league with the secular arm. If there had been the least available doubt as to that—if the damning record were not in black and white, attested by the solemn oaths of so many witnesses of or participants in the trial—the Church would long ago, for her own credit, have granted the saintship of Joan of Arc, and to-day the altars of the Maid of Orleans would flame in a hundred lands. But perhaps, since the Eternal Church does not count years as men count them, it is yet some ages too soon to raise an altar to the Second Great Martyr of Liberty. And maybe this is a fortunate thing for Liberty and the Maid, for on the day that the church makes Joan of Arc wholly her own, on that day she will step down from the unexampled place she has so long held in the love and pity and worship of

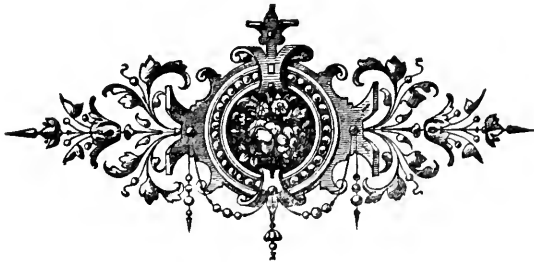
mankind. Such a consummation would not, I am sure, be agreeable to her leal knight and devoted champion, the *Sieur de Conte* Mark Twain.

In the wide court of Heaven, on any of these fine days, you may see—if God has given you sight above your eyes—a Maid who has been a maiden now during full five hundred years. Her hair is the color of the corn-silk at harvest time and her eyes of the early forget-me-not. She is slender as of old when, clad in shining armor and mounted on her milk white steed, she led the long dispirited warriors of France to victory or upheld her wondrous standard at the coronation of her King. Ofter she may be seen leaning over the crystal battlements, chin on hand and looking down with pensive gaze on France, and Orleans, and Domremy and Rouen whence her soul, like a white dove, ascended in the flame of her country's cruel ingratitude.

But sometimes she turns her glance from scenes like these, charged with sweet and terrible memories, and looks down with loving intentness toward a certain spot on earth where an old white-haired man raises eyes of love and almost worship to hers. They see and salute each other—oh, be sure of that! The old man was many years younger when they first became acquainted, but the Maid is always the same age, for they grow no older in Heaven. Who shall explain the spell (since the *Sieur de Conte* will not confess his dreams), that has joined in a perfect love and understanding these two children of Nature, separated by the difference of race and the shoreless gulf of five hundred years? Who can but wonder at the enchanting touch of a white hand from out the past which has turned the bold scoffer and jeerer, the wild man of the river and the mining camps, into such a knight as was rarely seen in the most gracious days of chivalry? And to see him now, when he should be taking the rest he has so gloriously earned, still eager to battle in her cause, daring the world to the onset, fighting for her with the pas-

sionate heart of youth, pleading for her with a burning zeal, as if in the five centuries that have rolled away since her death no other cause worthy to be named with hers has appealed to the award of sword or pen—to see this rightly and with eyes cleared for the perception of that Truth which is the only thing really precious in the world, is to rejoice at the finest spectacle that has been given to the wondering eyes of men in our day.

Whether the brave old knight will yet win the whole world over to her side, I can not say, though I think he will, if he be given time enough; but, at any rate, he has already made sure of all kind and feeling hearts. I believe his devotion to Joan of Arc is the finest and most ideal poem of our age—an age, to be sure, which has known too little poetry and which has never thought of looking to the *Sieur de Conte* to supply it. And I believe, further, that the *Book of the Ideal* contains the story of no love more pure and beautiful than this which unites the Old Man and the Maid.



Oscar Wilde's Atonement.



T HARDLY seems a decade since the disgrace, the trial and sentence of Oscar Wilde. His death followed so close upon his punishment as to give the deepest tragic value to the lesson of his fall.

There was in truth nothing left him to do but die, after he had penned the most poignantly pathetic poem and the most strangely moving confession (which is yet a subtle vindication) that have been given to the world since the noon of Byron's fame.

Until the present hour the world has withheld its pity from that tragedy, as complete in all its features as the Greek conscience would have exacted,—and Oscar Wilde has stood beyond the pale of human sympathy. Only seemed to stand, however, for there are many signs of the reaction, the better judgment which never delays long behind the severest condemnation of the public voice when, as in this case, the circumstances justify an appeal to the higher mercy and humanity.

Socially, Oscar Wilde was executed, and for a brief time it seemed as if his name would stand only in the calendar of the infamous. But men presently remembered that he was a genius, a literary artist of almost unique distinction among English writers, a wit whose talent for paradox and delicately perverse fancy had yielded the world a pure treasure of delight. In the first hue and cry of his disgrace, the British public—and to a large extent, the American public also—had taken up moral cudgels not merely against the man himself, but against the writer,—a piece of ingratitude for which God will surely punish the stupid English. His plays were withdrawn from the theatres, his writings from the libra-

ries and book stalls, and his name was anathema wherever British respectability wields its leaden mace. But though you can pass sentence of social death upon a man, you can not execute a Book! You can not lay your hangman's hands upon an Idea, and all the edicts of Philistinism are powerless against it. For true genius is the rarest and most precious thing in the world, and God has wisely ordained that the malice or stupidity of men shall not destroy it. And this the world sees to be just, when it has had time to weigh the matter, as in the present instance.

Oscar Wilde went to his prison with the burden of such shame and reprobation as has never been laid upon a literary man of equal eminence. Not a voice was raised for him—the starkness of his guilt silenced even his closest friends and warmest admirers. The world at large approved of his punishment. That small portion of the world which is loth to see the suffering of any sinner, was revolted by the nature of his offense and turned away without a word; the sin of Oscar Wilde claimed no charity and permitted of no discussion. Had his crime been murder itself, his fame and genius would have raised up defenders on every hand. As it was, all mouths were stopped and the man went broken-hearted to his doom.

But while his body lay in prison, the children of his mind pleaded for him, and such is the invincible appeal of genius, the heart of the world began to be troubled in despite of itself. His books came slowly forth from their hiding-places; his name was restored here and there to a catalogue; a little emotion of pity was awakened in his favor. Then from his prison cell rose a cry of soul-anguish, of utter pathos, of supreme expiation, which stirred the heart of pity to its depths. The feigner was at last believed when the world had made sure of the accents of his agony and could put its finger in each of his wounds. Society had sentenced this poet: the poet both sentenced and forgave society, in the

"Ballad of Reading Gaol," thus achieving the most original paradox of his fantastic genius and throwing about his shame something of the halo of martyrdom. He did more than this, in the judgment of his fellow artists—he purchased his redemption and snatched his name from the mire of infamy into which it had been cast. Strange how the world applauded the triumphant genius which only a little while before it had condemned to ignominy and silence!

The utter and incredible completeness of Wilde's disgrace satisfies the artistic sense, which is never content with half-results. We know that it afforded this kind of satisfaction to the victim himself, exigent of artistic effects even in his catastrophe—and the proof of it is "De Profundis."

I may here remark that the virtuous publishers, both in England and America, who are quick to take their cue from the many-headed beast, are now making amends to the memory of poor Wilde in their fashion; that is, they are turning a pretty penny by the sale of his books, most of which cost them nothing. The rage of contumely is changed into a furore of admiration and a crescendo of regret. To some of us the pawing over of Wilde's literary remains by the vulgar mob and the present indecent enterprise of the publishers, are not less disgusting than the conduct of both parties in the hour of the man's calamity.

"De Profundis" will take rank with the really memorable human documents. It is a true cry of the heart, a sincere utterance of the spiritual depths of this man's nature, when the angels of sorrow had troubled the pool. The only thing that seems to militate against its acceptance as such, is the unfailing presence of that consummate literary art, too conscious of itself, which, as in all the author's work save the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," draws us constantly from the substance to the form. Many persons of critical acumen say they can not see the penitent for the artist. The texture of the sackcloth is too exquisitely wrought and is too mani-

festly of the loom that gave us "Dorian Gray," "Salome," and the rest. How could a man stricken unto death with grief and shame so occupy himself with the vanity of style,—a dilettante even in the hour when fate was crushing him with its heaviest blows? Does not this wonderful piece of work, lambent with all the rays of his lawless genius, show the artificial core of the man as nothing that even he ever did before? And what is the spiritual value of a "confession" which is so obviously a literary *tour de force*; in which the plain and the simple are avoided with the anxious care of a prince of decadents?

So say, or seem to say, the critics. For myself, I can accept as authentic Wilde's testament of sorrow, even though it be written in a style which often dazzles with beauty, surprises with paradox, and sometimes intoxicates with the rapture of the inevitable artist. He could not teach his hand to unlearn its cunning, strive as he might. Like Narcissus wondering at his own beauty in the fountain, no sooner had he begun to tell the tale of his sorrow than the loveliness of his words seized upon him, and the sorrow that found such expression seemed a thing almost to be desired.

So when Oscar Wilde took up the pen in his prison solitude to make men weep, he did that indeed, but too soon he delighted them as of yore. Art, his adored mistress, whispered her thrilling consolations to the poor castaway—they had taken all from him,—liberty, honor, wealth, fame, mother, wife, children, and shut him up in an iron hell, but by God! they should not take *her*! With this little pen in hand they were all under his feet,—solemn judge, stolid jury, the beast of many heads and the whited British Philistia. Let them come on now!—but soft, the poet's anger is gone in a moment, for beauty, faithful to one who had loved her t'other side o' madness, comes and fills his narrow cell with her adorable presence, bringing the glory of the sweet world he has lost,—the breath of dawn, the scented hush of summer nights,

the peace of April rains, the pageant of the autumn lands, the changeful wonder of the sea. Imagination brushes away his bounds of stone and steel to give him all her largess of the past; gracious figures of poesy and romance known and loved from his sinless youth (the man is always an artist, but you see! he can weep); the elect company of classic ages to whom his soul does reverence and who seem not to scorn him; the fair heroines of immortal story who in the old days, as his dreams so often told him, had deemed him worthy of their love—he would kneel at their white feet now, but their sweet glances carry no rebuke; the kind poets, his beloved masters in Apollo, who bend upon him no alienated gaze; the heroes, the sages who had inspired his boyish heart, the sceptred and mighty sons of genius who had roused in him a passion for fame—all come thronging at the summons of memory and fancy—a far dearer and better world than that which had denied, cursed and condemned him, and which he was to know no more.

Then last of all, when these fair and noble guests were gone and the glow of their visitation had died out into the old bitter loneliness and sorrow, there came One whose smile had the brightness of the sun and the seven stars. And the poor prisoner of sin cast himself down at the feet of the Presence as unworthy to look upon that divine radiancy, and the fountains of his heart were broken up as never before. Yet in his weeping he heard a Voice which said, "Thy sin and sorrow are equal and thou hast still but a little way to go. Come!"

Then rose up the sinner and fared forth of the spirit with Christ to Emmaus.

And men will yet say that the words which the sinner wrote of that Vision have saved his soul (that soon thereafter was demanded of him) and sweetened his fame forever. But the critics who forget the adjuration, "Judge not lest ye be

judged," cry out that the sinner is never to be trusted in these matters, because he writes so well! God, however, is kinder than men or critics. He will forgive the poor poet in spite of his beautiful style.



Children of the Age.



HAVE been reading the "Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." A strange book, full of a sort of macabre interest. Not really a book, and yet peculiarly suggestive as an end-of-the-century document. The soul of Beardsley here exposed with a kind of abnormal frankness that somehow recalls the very style of art by which he shocked and captured the world's regard. And the obvious purpose of it all, to show how he attained peace of the spirit and a quiet grave in his early manhood.

Poor Beardsley was bitten deep with the malady of his age—he ranks with the most interesting, though not, of course, the greatest of its victims. He died under thirty and his name is known to thousands who know nothing of his art nor perhaps of any art whatever. To very many his name stands as a symbol of degeneracy. There is an intimate legend which attains him with the scarlet sins of the newer hedonism. He is closely associated in the public mind with the most tragically disgraced literary man of modern times. In art he was a lawless genius, but a genius for all that, else the world would not have heard so much of him. The fact that counts is, that in a very brief life he did much striking work and for a time at least gave his name to a school of imitators. Whether his artistic influence was for good or evil, does not matter in this view of him—let the professors haggle about that. What does matter is the fact and sum of his accomplishment, which justifies the continued interest in his name.

One naturally associates with Beardsley other ill-fated victims of the age, such as Maupassant, Bastien Lepage, Marie Bashkirtseff, Oscar Wilde, Ernest Dowson,—to cite no more.

They were all martyrs of their own talent, and martyrs also of that ravaging malady of the heart, that devouring casuistry, so peculiar to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, We may be sure the disease was not confined to a few persons of extraordinary talent—of them we heard only because of their position in the public mind, and also because, as artists, they were bound to reveal their sufferings. Nay, we were the more keenly interested in their painful confessions, knowing that they spoke for many condemned to bear their agonies in silence. For the world will soon turn away from an isolated sufferer, as from a freak on the operating table—let it fear or recognize the disease for its own and it will never weary of seeing and hearing. This commonplace truth explains, I think, the great and continuing interest which the persons above named have excited.

All of these were unusually gifted, whether as artists or writers, and all strove to fulfill their talents with a suicidal fury of application. It seemed as if each had a prescience of early death and labored with fatal devotion that the world might not lose the fruit which was his to give. Generous sacrifice, which never fails to mark the rarest type of genius. Maupassant, perhaps the most gifted, the most terribly in earnest of all, went to work like a demoniac, pouring forth a whole literature of plays, poems, stories, romances, all in the space of ten years. Such fecundity, coupled with an artistic practice so admirable and a literary conscience so exacting, was never before witnessed in the same writer. But the world presently learned a greater wonder still—that this unwearied artist had in those ten years of apparently unremitting labor, lived a life that was not less full of romance, of passion, of variety and excitement than the creations of his brain. He had accomplished a two-fold suicide—in life and in art.

Maupassant died mad, his brain worn out by constant production, his heart torn by the malady of his age, which we

can trace in so many pages of his work. But at least he died without disgrace, and in this respect his fate was far happier than that of Oscar Wilde, his contemporary and equal in genius, whose brilliant career closed in the darkest infamy. Poor Wilde sinned greatly no doubt,—the English courts settled that,—though his atonement was of a piece with his offending. The man dies but the artist lives; and Wilde has work to his credit which will surely survive the memory of his tragic shame.

In his last wretched days Wilde turned for consolation to the Catholic Church, which, with a deeper knowledge of human nature than her rivals can understand, still makes the worst sinner, if repentant, her peculiar care. Wilde became a Catholic and he recorded that had he but done so years before, the world would not have been shocked by the story of his disgrace. This is less a truism than a confession. At any rate, one is not sorry to know that the poor, broken-hearted wretch found sanctuary at the last and died peacefully in that divine hope which he has voiced in the noblest of his poems.

Like Wilde, Beardsley became a Catholic at the last when he was under sentence of death from consumption, and the "Letters" are addressed to a worthy Catholic priest who instructed him in the faith. Beardsley was not in any sense a writer, and these letters were obviously written in perfect candor and with no thought of their ever meeting any eyes save the good priest's for which they were intended. All the same they are, as I have already said, curiously interesting, and they do not lack touches of genuine insight and emotion. The fantastic artist grew very sober in the shadow of death, and the riot of sensuality in which his genius had formerly delighted, was clean wiped from his brain. Wilde himself, in his last days of grace, might have penned this sentence:

"If Heine is the great warning, Pascal is the great example to all artists and thinkers. He understood that to become a

Christian the man of letters must sacrifice his gifts, just as Magdalen sacrificed her beauty."

Strange language, this, from an end-of-the-century decadent, whose achievement in art was that he had carried one step farther the suggestions of the wildest sensualism. But perhaps it was not the same Beardsley who made the pictures to "Salome" and who, through the most original, creative part of his career, worked like a man in the frenzy of satyriasis. No, it was not the same Beardsley—the sentence of premature death had turned Pan into a St. Anthony.

Not long after penning the words I have quoted, Beardsley made a sacrifice of his gifts and was received into the Catholic Church. Within a year thereafter he died. There is nothing to mar the moral of his conversion and edifying change of heart, except the reflection that, like so many other eleventh-hour penitents, he put off making a sacrifice of his gifts until he had no further use for them. And at the last, one can't help thinking that if Beardsley had not made some fearfully immoral pictures, this book, with the highly moral story of his conversion, would not have been put before the world. . . .

I have mentioned Ernest Dowson, a minor poet, the singer of a few exquisite songs. Less talented than the others, yet a true child of the age and stricken at the heart with the same malady, Dowson owes his fame more to the memorial written by his friend and brother poet, Arthur Symons, than to his own work, which in bulk is of the slightest. His short life was frightfully dissolute—Symons speaks of his drunkenness with a kind of awe. It was not an occasional over-indulgence with comrades of his own stamp, passing the bottle too often when their heads grew hot and their tongues loosened; it was not the solitary, sodden boozing to which many hopeless drunkards are addicted. For weeks at a stretch Dowson would give himself up to a debauch with the refuse of the London slums, and during that time he would seem

an utterly different being, with scarcely a hint of his normal self. I wish some one would explain how this brutal sottishness can co-exist with the most delicate intellectual sensibility, with the poet-soul. We have had many explanations of the puzzle, and they have only one fault—they do not explain.

Dowson left us little, not because he drank much, but because he could rarely satisfy his own taste, which kept him as unhappy in a literary sense as his conscience did in a religious one. He wrote some fine sonnets to a young woman whose mother kept a cheap eating-house:—she married the waiter. The genius of Beardsley could alone have done justice to this grotesque romance.

Like Beardsley, Dowson died a Catholic—he had barely passed thirty—but unlike Beardsley, he had expected to do so all his life, for he was born in the faith. Yet the faith had not saved him from *le mal du siècle*, nor had it kept him from the foul pit of debauchery. What it did—and this was much—was to give him a hope at the end. . . .

Oh, sad children of the age, why wait so long before coming to your Mother, the ancient Church? She alone can heal your cruel wounds, self-inflicted, and bind up your bleeding hearts; she alone can succor you; she alone can give your troubled spirit rest and quiet those restless brains that would be asking, asking unto madness. See!—she has balsam and wine for your wayfaring in this world and something that will fortify you for a longer journey. Hear ye the bells calling the happy faithful who have never known the hell of doubt; hear ye the organ pealing forth its jubilation over the Eternal Sacrifice! Come into the great House of God, founded in the faith, strong with the strength, sanctified by the prayer and warm with the hope of two thousand years. Come, make here at the altar a sacrifice of your poor human gifts and exchange them for undying treasures. Painter, for your bits of canvas, the glories of heaven; poet, for your best

rhyme the songs of the saved. Come, though it be not until the last hour—yet come, come, even then! . . .

Whether the old Church can really give what she promises, I know not, but sure am I that men will go on believing to the end. For faith is ever more attractive than unfaith, and human nature craves a comfortable heaven; and, after all, it takes more courage to die in the new scientific theory of things than in the simple belief of the saints. And alas! the cold affirmations of science can not cure nor genius itself satisfy the stricken children of the age.



The Black friar.

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar
Who sitteth by Norman stone,
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.

* * * * *

And whether for good or whether for ill
It is not mine to say,
But still to the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day.

DON JUAN.



NE may wonder what my Lord Byron in the shades thinks of his noble grandson's performance in summoning the obscene Furies to a final desecration of his grave. Surely the ghouls of scandal that find their congenial food in the shrouds of the illustrious dead, have never had richer quarry. True, they have already had their noses at the scent (through the sweet offices of an American authoress), and have even picked a little at the carrion; but the full body-of-death was never before delivered to them.

This point has been clouded over in the public discussion of the infamy. It should be made clear in order that the Earl of Lovelace may receive his due credit. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's revelations were, of course, to the same purport, but they were based on the unsupported word of Lady Byron and some very free readings of certain passages in the poet's works. Everybody was shocked, nobody convinced. Mrs. Stowe's book was damned by universal consent and withdrawn from public sale.

Lord Lovelace has about the same story to tell, and his revival of the horrid scandal would go for nought, were it not that he is himself a kind of witness against the dead. It would be foolish to deny that many people will as such accept him. There is nobody now living to share or dispute his preëminence in shame. Lord Lovelace should have a portion, at least, of the burden of Orestes. . . .

Yes, there are terrible things in this darkly perplexed drama of the house of Byron, which make it seem like a modern version of the old Greek tragedy. Look at the figures in it. A great poet—among the very greatest of his race—beautiful as a god, born to the highest place, the spoiled darling of nature and of fortune, dazzling the world with his gifts, drunk himself with excess of power, crowding such emotion and enthusiasm, such vitality and passion, such adventure and achievement, such a fulness of productive power within the short span of a life cut off in its prime, as have never marked the career of another human being. Never have men's eyes wonderingly followed so splendid and lawless a comet in the sky of fame. Never was man loved more passionately, hated more bitterly, admired more extravagantly, praised more wildly, damned more deeply. His quarrel divided the world into armed camps which still maintain their hostile lines. He was the Napoleon of the intellectual world and bulked as large as the Corsican, with whom indeed he shared the conquest of Europe. And by Europe he was acclaimed and almost deified when England had first exiled and later denied him a place in the pantheon of her great.

Never, too, were great faults redeemed by grander virtues, worthy of his towering genius—virtues to which the eyes of those who loved him still turned with shining hope after each brief eclipse of his nobler self, as when the sudden summer storm has passed over, men seek the sun. Virtues

which drew the hatred of his race and caste and have left his name as a sword and a burning brand in the world.

Such is the chief actor in this terrible and sinister drama which has lately been unveiled by the perfidy of the heir of his blood—the son of that “Ada” whom his verse has immortalized. The remaining characters are few, which is also fatally in accordance with the rules of Greek tragedy. For the most tremendous dramas of the flesh and the spirit do not ask a crowd of performers; two or three persons will suffice and the eternal elements of love and hate.

So here we have, besides the poet, only the unloved and unloving wife, who meekly discharged her bosom of its long-festered rancor ere she left the world; the beloved—perhaps too wildly beloved—half-sister of the poet, whose memory (in spite of the hideous calumny laid upon her) is like a springing fountain of bright water in the hot desert of his life; and, lastly, the evil grandson in whom the ancestral curses of the house of Byron have found a terribly fit medium of execution and vengeance. It seems a circumstance of added horror that this parricidal slanderer should be a hoary old man, while the world can not imagine Byron save as he died, in the glory and beauty of youth.

What madness possessed the man? Was it perhaps the hoarded rage and bitterness of many years, that he should have been compelled to live his long life without fame or notice, in the shadow of a mighty name? A wild enough theory, but such extraordinary madness as my Lord Lovelace’s will not allow of sane conjecture. One does not pick and choose his hypotheses in Bedlam.

That my Lord Lovelace is mad doth sufficiently, indeed overwhelmingly, appear from his part in this shameful and damnable business; but as often happens in cases of reasoning dementia, the truth comes out rather in some petty detail than in the general conduct. Thus, at the outset, he orders his charges very well and maintains a semblance of dignity

that would befit a worthier matter. One is, passingly, almost tempted to believe that the noble lord has been moved to the shocking enterprise by a compelling sense of moral and even filial obligation. He seems to speak more in sorrow than in anger and comes near to winning our sympathy, if not our approval. This at the threshold of his plea. But his malignity soon reveals itself, horrifying and disgusting us, and suddenly the detail crops up—the *little thing* for which intelligent alienists are always on the alert—and losing all control, he abandons himself to the utter freedom of his hatred and his madness. I refer now to the atrocious passage in his book in which he exults over the alleged fact revealed by the post-mortem examination of Byron's remains—that *the poet's heart was found to be partly petrified or turned into stone!*

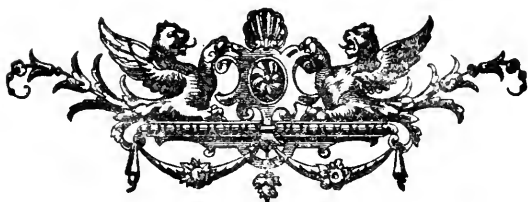
A pretty bauble this to play with! There are saner men than my Lord Lovelace trying to seize the moon through their grated windows, and coming very near to doing it—oh, very near!

But I should like to have a look at my Lord Lovelace's heart! . . .

Lovers of Byron's fame may be glad, at least, that the worst has now been said and calumny can not touch the great poet further. Ever since his death more than eighty years ago, the hyenas of scandal have wrangled over his grave, shocking the world in their hunt for uncleanness. All the nameless things that delight to see greatness brought low, genius disgraced, the sanctuary of honor defiled and the virtue of humanity trampled in the dirt, were bidden to the feast. Those obscene orgies have lasted a long time: they are now at an end. The unclean have taken away the uncleanness, if such there was, and are dispersed with their foul kindred in the wilderness. The clean remains and all that was truly vital and imperishable of Byron—the legacy of his genius,

the inspiration of his example in the cause of liberty, the deathless testimony of his spirit for that supreme cause, and his flame-hearted protest against the enthroned Sham, Meanness and Oppression which still rule the world. These precious bequests of Byron we have immortal and secure. As for the rest—

Glory without end
Scattered the clouds away, and on that name attend
The tears and praises of all time!



Lafcadio Hearn.



AS the Silence fallen upon thee, O Lafcadio, in that far Eastern land of strange flowers, strange gods and myths, where thou, grown weary of a world whence the spirit of romance had flown, didst fix thy later home? Art thou indeed gone forever from us, who loved thee, being of thy brave faith in the divinity of the human spirit, and art thou gathered to a strange Valhalla of thy wiser choice,—naturalized now, as we may of a truth believe, among the elect and heroic shades of old Japan? Is that voice stilled which had not its peer in these last lamentable days, sounding the gamut of beauty and joy that had almost ceased to thrill the souls of men? Child of Hellas and Erin, are those half-veiled eyes, that yet saw so deeply into the spiritual Mystery that enfolds our sensuous life, forever closed to this earthly scene? Hath Beauty lost her chief witness and the Lyre of Prose her anointed bard and sacerdos? Shall we no more hearken to the cadences of that perfect speech which was thy birthright, sprung as thou wert from the poesy of two immemorial lands, sacred to eloquence and song? . . .

Ill shall we bear thy loss, O Lafcadio, given over as we are to the rule and worship of leaden gods. Thou wert for us a witness against the iron Law that crushed, and ever crushes, our lives; against the man-made superstition which impudently seeks to limit the Ideal. From beyond the violet seas, in thy flower-crowned retreat, thou didst raise the joyous paeon of the Enfranchised. Plunged deep into mystic lore hidden from us, exploring a whole realm of myths and worships of which our vain science knows nothing, thou wouldst smile with gentle scorn at the monstrous treadmill of creeds

and cultures—gods and words—where we are forever doomed to toil without fruit or respite.

We hearkened to thy wondrous tales of a land whose babes have more of the spirit of Art than the teachers of our own; where love is free yet honored and decency does not consist in doing that privately which publicly no man dare avow; where religion, in our brutal sense, does not exist; and where crime, again in our brutal sense, is all but unknown. We heard thee tell, with evermore wonder, how this people of Japan has gone on for hundreds, nay, thousands of years, producing the humblest as well as the highest virtues without the aid of an officious religion; how these Japanese folk have the wisdom of age and the simplicity of childhood, being simple and happy, loving peace, contented with little, respectful toward the old, tender toward the young, merciful toward women, submissive under just authority, and loving their beautiful country with a fervor of patriotism which we may not conceive.

All this and more thou didst teach us, Lafcadio, in the way of thy gracious art, with many an exquisite fancy caught from the legendary love of ancient Nippon and with the ripe fullness of thy strangely blended genius. So we listened as to a far-brought strain of music, and were glad to hear, hailing thee Master—a title thou hadst proudly earned. Yet even as we sat at thy feet drinking in the tones of thy voice, there came One who touched thee quickly on the lips—and we knew the rest was Silence. . . .

Peace to thee, Lafcadio, child of Erin and Hellas, adopted son and poet of Nippon. Thy immortality is a ceaseless day-spring; for thou sleepest in the Land of the Sunrise . . . and Nippon, who has never learned to forget, watches over thy fame.

Lafcadio Hearn was a poet working in prose, as all true poets now inevitably are, a literary artist of original motive

and distinction among the rabble of contemporary scribblers. For these two things a man is not easily forgiven or forgotten when he has passed the Styx.

Half Irish, half Greek, the flower of this man's genius took unwonted hue and fragrance from his strangely blended paternity; the hybrid acquired a beauty new and surprising in a world that looks only for the stereotype. Despairing of the tame effects produced by regularity, Nature herself seems to have set an example of lawlessness.

Lafcadio Hearn took care to avoid the conventional in the ordering of his life as sedulously as in the products of his brain. For this, the man being now dead and silent, the conventional takes a familiar revenge upon his memory.

The conventional—lest we forget—is the consensus of smug souls, the taboo uttered by mediocrity, the Latin *invidia* whereat Flaccus flickered, with all his assurance. It has much the same voice in every age.

So we are hearing that one of the very few men who both made and honored literature in our time was, in his daily life and his principles of conduct, a moral monstrosity; a sort of intellectual Caliban, delighting in the abnormal and the perverse, especially in the sexually abnormal and the racially perverse. Through the frankness of certain persons, mostly journalists who refrained from speaking while Hearn might have contradicted them, we learn that while in this country he made a cult of miscegenation, as it presents itself at New Orleans and other places in the South, consorted with negroes of the lowest type, and devoted himself to the unclean mysteries of voodooism.

These facts are cheerfully, even emulously, borne witness to by journalists who worked with Hearn and who shared his friendship and confidence. That they should make copy of their acquaintance (alleged) with the dead man is not, perhaps, of itself a censurable thing. That they may have blackened him in their report is not, unluckily, without precedent

in the ways of journalism. There is, to be sure, a fine sense of honor among journalists and an utter freedom from the basest of all vices, envy—but that is not the present subject.

We learn from the same source that Hearn's final marriage with a Japanese woman was strictly in keeping with the innate perversity which moved him to loathe and shun his own race. (She bore him children who survive their father, but not the less nobly did we refuse to spare their feelings.) Descriptions of Hearn's physical appearance to suit the picture of moral depravity above outlined, are frankly and minutely supplied. God forgive them!—the libel is such as to burn the heart of every man who loves and honors true genius.

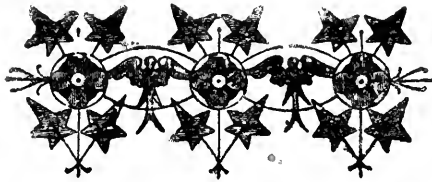
How such a monster could have produced the miracles of thought and style and fancy which are everywhere scattered like seed pearl in the writings of Lafcadio Hearn, your candid journalists do not attempt to explain—the thing is beyond their quality. But the *other thing*—the legend of the man's debasement—they know devilish well, and they tell of it right pertly, so that faith is easily induced in the story. And the wings of the press carry the foul tale to many a quarter where no word of contradiction will ever find its way. For this is the justice of journalism.

Notwithstanding, one plain fact, avouched by all human experience, may reassure the wide-scattered fraternity of those who prize the work and cherish the memory of Lafcadio Hearn. It is this:—*No man ever succeeded in writing himself down better or worse than he really was.* You may write, but the condition is that you make a faithful likeness of yourself—nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice.

The true Lafcadio Hearn, the shy, pitifully myopic genius nursed on tears, the dreamer of strange dreams, the prose poet of a new dower of fancy, the weaver of hitherto unwrought cadences for the inner ear, the latest brave worship-

er of truth and beauty,—where shall we look for him but in his enduring work?—soul and man to the essential life!

As for the horrid changeling of the journalists, it is already,—with the consent of all kind hearts,—rejected and ground up with the refuse of yesterday's editions.



A fellow to the Rev. Dr. Hyde.



IN literature the fable of the living ass and the dead lion is constantly repeating itself. I have just chanced upon an instance in which the ass displays more than his usual temerity.

A person all unknown to fame, one Rev. Frederic Rowland Marvin, makes a tuppenny bid for notice by impeaching the integrity of Robert Louis Stevenson's motives in writing the celebrated Letter on Father Damien.

Needless to recall, the Letter was addressed to the Rev. Dr. Hyde, of Honolulu, who had cast some very gross and unmerited aspersions upon the martyr priest.

Damien, as all the world knows, was a Belgian missionary priest who had devoted himself to the service of the lepers at Molokai, and, at the height of his vigorous ministry, contracting the disease, died among them. The question of his saintship cannot be taken up by the Church until a hundred years after his death. Meantime many people of different religions, and some of none at all, regard Damien as the only authentic saint of modern times. Robert Louis Stevenson was unquestionably of this opinion.

The Rev. Dr. Hyde, of Honolulu, in a letter to a brother parson (the Rev. H. B. Gage) made the hideous charge that Damien had become infected with leprosy through sexual intercourse with the women lepers of Molokai; characterized him as "a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted," and sneered at the chorus of praise which his heroic death had evoked. All of which was extensively circulated by religious papers of the Hyde denomination.

This precious testimony came under the eye of Robert Louis Stevenson, who had himself visited the leper colony

when Damien was "in his resting grave," and had collected the whole truth regarding him from the witnesses of his life and death. By an useful coincidence, the author had likewise seen the reverend slanderer Hyde and held converse with him at his "fine house in Beretania street" (Honolulu).

The posthumous attack upon Damien by a rival but recreant missionary, breathing a sectarian malignity rare in our time, touched that fiery intrepid soul to an utterance which ranks with the highest proofs of his genius and the best fruits of the liberal spirit. His Letter on Father Damien is, in truth, the quintessence of Stevenson, the choice extract of his passion and power, his deep-hearted hatred of injustice, his princelike contempt of meanness, his loathing scorn of religious bigotry, his tenderness, delicacy and chivalry,—all conveyed in a flawless triumph of literary art. Not vainly did he boast:

"If I have at all learned the trade of using words to convey truth and to arouse emotion, you have at last furnished me with a subject." And again: "I conceive you as a man quite beyond and below the reticences of civility; with what measure you mete, with that it shall be measured to you again; with you, at last, I rejoice to feel the button off the foil and to plunge home."

I can never read the Letter to Hyde without seeing a flame run between the lines; I never lay it down that I do not at once bless and damn the Rev. Dr. Hyde. But not being myself parson-led, I wish the gentleman no worse damnation than is assured to him in Tusitala's honest tribute.

Well, this is the piece of work which Dr. Marvin—he is, it appears, a parson like the eternally disgraced Hyde—seeks to disparage by attainting the integrity of the knightliest figure of modern letters. Let us see how this bold parson achieves the asinine exploit of kicking the dead lion and betraying his folly to the world.

After stating the extraordinary assumption that Steven-

son's Letter on Father Damien "was never regarded as anything more than a striking exhibition of literary pyrotechny," Dr. Marvin proceeds to judgment as follows:

"Stevenson's letter was, I am fully persuaded, more the work of the rhetorician than of the man. He was carried away by the opportunity of making a rhetorical flourish and impression, and so went further than his own judgment approved. Stevenson was a man of many noble qualities, and conscience was not wanting as an element of power in his life, but his letter to Dr. Hyde was not honest, nor had it for any length of time the approval of his own inner sense of right and justice. He did not really believe what he wrote, neither did he intend to write what he did. The temptation from a literary point of view was great, and the writer got the better of the man."

Here the parson speaks in no uncertain tone—a mere literary man would not so frame his indictment. But what a gorgeous piece of impudence!

I would not take the Rev. Marvin too seriously, but lest any person with the wit of three asses should be deceived by his shallow effrontery, I am bound to notice it. And since the Rev. Marvin has of his own free will made himself yoke-fellow with the infamous Hyde, it is but just that he be clothed with the full dignity of his election.

To discuss the foolish question which he has raised concerning Stevenson's honesty of motive in writing the Letter to Dr. Hyde, would shame any man—not a parson—of common sense. Nor is it needful in any case, the Rev. Marvin sufficiently putting himself out of terms in these words: "*The temptation from a literary point of view was great, and the writer got the better of the man.*"

Now the lovers of Stevenson have no need to be reminded that such was his passionate care to avoid the slightest doubt of his sincerity in writing as he did upon Damien and to repel the stock literary imputation here uttered by a worthy cham-

pion of Hyde, that the Letter was printed originally *for private distribution only*, the public demand for it soon becoming irresistible; and that Stevenson always refused to touch a penny from the publication. In 1890 he wrote to a London publisher who wished to bring out an edition:—"The Letter to Dr. Hyde is yours or any man's. I will never touch a penny of remuneration. I do not stick at murder: I draw the line at cannibalism. I could not eat a penny roll that piece of bludgeoning had gained for me." . . .

"If the world at all remember you" (said the Letter to Hyde) "on the day when Damien of Molokai shall be named saint, it will be in virtue of one work: your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage."

Was ever such a sight vouchsafed to gods or men as this of the Rev. Dr. Marvin struggling belatedly to win for himself a small title in that infamous remembrance—to snatch a rag from the garment of shame which the great artist fitted upon Dr. Hyde in his character of Devil's Advocate against Damien?

The defense of Damien remains one of the cherished documents of the free spirit. I thank Dr. Marvin for having given me an occasion of re-reading it, and I cheerfully accord him the grace of having moved me to perform this religious duty *twice* instead of (my usual practice) *once* in the year. I can but wonder what manner of man is he that it should have done him so little good; yet I know I shall love it the more that its truth is thus again proven by the futile attacks of a spiritual fellow to Hyde.

Yes, I re-read—as, please God, often I shall re-read—that true story of Damien's martyrdom, bare and tragic as Molokai itself, traced by the hand of one who had no sympathy of religious faith with him but only the common kinship of humanity—"that noble brother of mine and of all frail clay." I read again, with quickened pulse, of the lowly peasant priest, who, in obedience to the Master's call, "shut to with

his own hand the doors of his own sepulchre!" I saw once more that woeful picture of the lepers' island, surrounded by a great waste of sea, which to those condemned wretches spells the black despair of infinity:—in its midst the hill with the dead crater, the hopeless front of precipice, the desolation there prepared by nature for death too hideous for men to look upon. Again I made that melancholy voyage to Molokai and wept with Tusitala as he sat in the boat with the two sisters, "bidding farewell, in humble imitation of Damien, to the lights and joys of human life." I shuddered to mark the fearful deformations of humanity that awaited us on the shore—the population of a nightmare—every other face a blot on the landscape. I saw that the place was an unspeakable hell even with the hospital and other improvements, lacking when Damien came there and "slept that first night under a tree amidst his rotting brethren." I visited the Bishop-Home, whose every cup and towel had been washed by the hand of "dirty Damien." I saw everywhere the tokens of his passage who "by one striking act of martyrdom had directed all men's eyes on that distressful country—who at a blow and the price of his life had made the place illustrious and public." I thought upon that great and simple renunciation, daunting the mind with its sheer sacrifice which, better far than all the loud-tongued creeds, brought the living Christ within sight and touch and understanding. And these wonderful lines of Browning came into my mind with a sudden vividly realized meaning and pathos:—

Remember what a martyr said
On the rude tablet overhead:
"I was born sickly, poor and mean,
"A slave—no misery could screen
"The holders of the pearl of price
"From Caesar's envy; therefore twice
"I fought with beasts, three times I saw

"My children suffer by his law;
"At last my own release was earned;
"I was some time in being burned,
"But at the close a Hand came through
"The fire above my head, and drew
"My soul to Christ, whom now I see.
"*Sergius, a brother, writes for me*
"*This testimony on the wall—*
"For me, I have forgot it all."



Mr. Guppy.



HERE was once, according to Mr. Dickens, a young man named Guppy, of 'umble circumstances, who became wildly smitten with Igh Life, as reflected in the newspapers. He read the Court Circular assiduously, he cut out and framed the portraits of Social Celebrities; he lived in fancy amid the splendid scenes of his desire. Mr. Guppy specialized on the Haristocracy, the most sacred institution of his country; the names of dukes, lords, duchesses, countesses, came trippingly to his tongue. The poor young man fancied himself in familiar habits with all those grand people, and this harmless delusion occasionally made him suffer, as when once he reproached himself with having entered into a liaison with a countess (Her name, sir!—never would the lips of Guppy reveal it). In the main, however, Mr. Guppy was happy in his illusions, as the mildly mad usually are. He knew that he could never put his ambitions to the proof, owing to the sacredly exclusive character of Igh Society; and so he was spared trials which might have soured his sweetly hopeful spirit.

I shall not deny that Mr. Guppy was a snob—he would have gloried in the title as identifying him, by implication, with the great; but I submit he was one over whom Charity may well drop a tear. Nay, if the word snob covered only such virtues and failings as those of the lamented Guppy, it might well be worn as a decoration of honor.

In the pages of Dickens Mr. Guppy seldom wins more than a careless smile—the gloom of the surrounding tragedy crocks off, so to speak, upon the joyousness of Guppy. Yet

the Master has given us nothing that better denotes his hand; Mr. Guppy certifies the genius of his creator in little.

If you think this far-fetched, look at the figure Mr. Guppy makes in the world to-day. See him editing the "society pages" of the great New York newspapers. See his honest efforts to foster the spirit of caste in this country—honest because he is himself shut out from the heaven which he depicts, and would sell his soul to get a card for his wife or daughter. See him sometimes, on another page, eloquently denouncing the perils of a society of wealth, at the same time kissing and biting the hand of fortune. See him in the weeklies, those shining mirrors of public taste, which are entirely consecrated to the ideals of Mr. Guppy and fairly reek of him in editorial, picture and story. See him exalted to the Nth splendor in Philadelphia, where they name him Bok. See him in the magazines, that world which from the heaven above to the earth underneath declares the greatness of Guppy. See there in all its perfect flower the rank American quintessence of Guppy—the subtle flattery of picture, the fawning, lick-spittle worship of the text, the hundred surfaces of the Social Lie, glossed and pumiced and polished for those who believe themselves to form a superior class, and as a lure for the eyes of envy and desire.

Note the phraseology of the American Guppy—his easy air of superiority, quite like the inherited article, his jaunty attempt to connect and identify the aristocracy of the Old World with the aristocracy of the New; his patter of names and titles and pedigrees; his calm ignoring of that negligible quantity, "the people;" his absolute conviction that the few hundreds or thousands for whom he speaks are alone worth considering and that all the millions only want to hear about *them*. Can it be that we are being led by Mr. Guppy, as a child would lead us? And unto what issues? . . .

Mrs. Atherton, a woman of talent, has made a study of the inexhaustible Guppy. She naturalizes him in this country,

gives him the soul of a would-be American snob, with the same kind of food upon which the original Guppy fed, and sets him to work. The results are what the critics call "harrowing"—they are also good entertainment and good art; and the telling of the story involves an exquisite satire on the American social idea. One sees, too, that Mrs. Atherton is not herself free from the bitterness with which she engulfs her hero: the Marah of Guppy is over us all!

Mrs. Atherton's Guppy is first baited by the newspapers, and loses his soul in the description of social grandeurs written and printed by men who can not for their lives break into society. Then he falls heir to a little money and sets out to make a regular campaign at Newport. He is good-looking, dresses well, and his intelligence does not amount to a crime. Everything then seems to be in his favor, but—let me not spoil a story which Mrs. Atherton alone has the right to tell. Read it, and you will get a more acute sense of the great American comedy now enacting, a bit of which is here etched with delicious malice; you will also agree with me as to the importance of Mr. Guppy.

I find much, very much, of Mr. Guppy in the palaver of the literary press. He is at the same time an eulogist, without measure, and a depreciator, without justice, of American literary effort. Now he vaunts the vigor of our Western literary spirit, free from the shackles of tradition, and now he prostrates himself before the wooden gods of the British Philistia. To-day he will rank Woodrow Wilson with Hallam or Lecky, and exalt Howells above Thackeray; to-morrow he will confess that we have no historian or novelist worthy to be named with those of the second British rank. The editor of a leading American review can see no hope for American literature, and deplores the badness of the books which his paper advertises by the broadside. This is called the literary conscience—it is really the hand of Mr. Guppy.

The truth is, the curse of trying to seem the thing we are

not—the essence of Guppy—is upon our literature and our sorry excuse for criticism as upon our social life. We are the most unreal people in the world, because we don't know what we are nor what God wants to make of us. Of course, I speak only of the infinitesimal, self-conscious minority—the great mass of our people are all right, but they are not the artistic concern of Mr. Guppy. The literature that pretends in this country is always aimed at the minority, and then, through the collusion of the Guppys of the press with the publishing trade, it is worked off upon the public. This happy result having been achieved, Mr. Guppy exclaims against the badness and futility of the stuff which he has helped to foist on the literary market.

Now and then, God knows how, a vigorous book with the red corpuscle, gets written and past the line which the care of Mr. Guppy has established. Instantly a hue and cry is raised that the book is without style or literary merit and that the success of such a work simply argues the low level of taste in this country. On such rare occasions Mr. Guppy is not ashamed to show us his tears—and he is never so terribly humorous as then.

The other day a man died who had written a book which was and remains one of the greatest successes of our time. It has been read by thousands and thousands of people, both in this country and in Europe. It was a book that emphatically made for good. To many it brought a sense of the divine beauty of the Christian legend which they would not otherwise have gained. It was to them and will be to thousands of others unborn, “tidings of great joy.” At the very least, it planted in their lives a little shrub of grace and healing which casts its perfume across the years. I am myself, if Mr. Guppy will allow me, indifferent literary; I like a style as well as a story, and I believe that a good story always finds a style. Well, I have read a-many books in divers tongues and among the most precious pictures stored up therefrom

in my memory, is the meeting of Ben-Hur with the young Son of Joseph, who gave him to drink. I was a boy when I read the book, and the boyish love I lavished upon it was, I am sure, worth far more than the critical apparatus I could now bring to the judging of it. I did not ask then if it was Art: I do not ask now. . . .

Oh, Mr. Guppy, if you could give me back those young feelings of joy, of pity and wonder, such as no book could now excite, I would almost pardon the cheap sneers which you and your kind fling upon that honored grave.



A Port of Age.



READER, when for you as for me the wild heyday of youth is past, and the heart of adventure all but pulseless, there is yet remaining to us a wonderful, untried, and, especially, untrodden, realm of romance. When churlish Time shall think to retire us from the heat and zest of life, classing us, too prematurely, as "old boys," there is still a trick we may turn to his discomfiture. When the youngers club their foolish wits for a poor joke at our expense—what is so utterly inane to maturity as juvenile humor, green-cheese pleasantry, pithless, fledgeling conceits?—we who are wise know that the best of the game is still for us; nor would we change with the reckless spendthrifts who mock us from the vanity of twenty year.

It's ho for candles, a book and bed!

For candles, the modern equivalent, of course. I prefer a strong, well-shaded lamp to electric light or gas; the rockefeller burns with a steady flame, does not sputter, or dwindle, or go out entirely, leaving you in a sulphuric darkness. But the wick should be trimmed by the hand of her who loves you best in the world; by her, too, must the reading table be adjusted cosily at the head of the bed, so that the incidence of the gently burning flame may be just right—the more or less in these matters is of infinite significance; by her must the books and, above all, The Book, be disposed ready to the discriminating hand of the Sovereign Lector.

Oh!—and, of course, the pipes or cigars. No smokeless person hath any rights in this kingdom; he cometh falsely by his investiture; he is a Bezonian without choice; a marplot and spy—out with him! . . .

As to the time of going to bed, I would say eight o'clock, or half after eight; not earlier nor later, though the point need not be strained to a finical nicety. But one can not conveniently go to bed amid the daylight business of the house, nor before supper, nor too soon after it. I knew a man who perversely insisted upon going to bed at five o'clock; he never rose to the dignity of a true bed-reader, and that which is, properly used, the most delightful of indulgences, became in the end, to this person, a formidable dissipation. Like a bad mariner, he was constantly out of his reckoning and at last came to grief: the fact that he was a non-smoker aided the catastrophe.

But assuming that all the unities have been fulfilled, that the Book, the Reader and the Bed are in the most fortuitously fortunate conjunction, will you tell me that the world has a sweeter pleasure to bestow, a more profoundly satisfying, yet not enervating, luxury of indulgence?

Recall an instant that first delicious thrill of relaxed ease, of blissful security, of complete physical well-being—every nerve telegraphing its congratulations and your spinal column intoning a grand sweet song of peace! You are now between the snowy sheets and the Elect Lady is looking tenderly to the pillows, etc., while you are tasting the most exquisite of sensations in the back of your calves. This is the veritable *nunc dimittis* moment of the experience; you are prepared, soothed and dulcified for what the Greeks called euthanasia; could that old classic idea of dissolution afford you a sweeter pang? . . .

But, man, you're not dying like a rose in aromatic pain—you're simply going to bed to read. And here the Elect Lady, giving a final pat to the pillows, leans over, kisses you fondly and says, "All right now, dear?"

To which you reply (dissembling an internal satisfaction violent enough to alarm the police)—"All right now, darling, thank you—but just push the cigars a bit nearer—there.

And be sure you tell Mary to keep the children quiet. And, of course, you won't forget to bring *it* up later—with a good bit of ice; so soothing after the mental excitement of a strong author. 'Thank you, dear.'

These details will often be varied—the unwedded reader is not, I think, steeped in such felicity, and of course there be instances where the married lector does not come at his desire so featly—but the outline remains the same. And the result arrives, as the French say: that is, my gentleman comes to book and bed.

Then truly is he in that happy state described by the poet,—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot;"
raised to the Nirvana of the mind; close-wrapped in the eider-down security of his little kingdom that knoweth no treasons, stratagems or insurrections; in the world and yet not of it, as truly though in a different sense from the Apostolic one; tasting the pure pleasures of the intellect with a delicious feeling of mental detachment and at the same time a caressing consciousness of bodily ease; no other troubling *imperium* in his *imperio*—no thief in his candle—no fly in his ointment—nothing but the Book and his Absoluteship!

It is, Socratically considered, the only rational method of reading—the most universally abused of all the liberal arts. Are there not persons who make a foolish pretence of reading on railway trains, or in public restaurants, or in hotel lobbies, or even in theatres between the acts—nay, sometimes, by a piece of intolerable coxcombry, during the play itself? Whip me such barren pretenders!—there is not a reader among them all.

I am not sure that there is higher praise (for the intellectuals) than to be called a good reader, which is to say, a bed-reader. For the true reader (*lector in sponda*) is only less rare than the genuine writer; his genius no less a native and unacquired attribute; his setting apart from the common

herd as clearly defined. To be a reader in this, the only true sense, is to belong to the Aristocracy of Intellect and to be assured of a philosophy which brings to age a crown of delight.

No man should take up the noble habit of reading abed before the age of discretion, that is to say, the fortieth year. For at the eighth lustrum comes the dry light of reason, which is the true essential flame of the bed-reader, and, lacking which, he hath as little profit of his vocation as the owl at noonday.

As to what he may read abed, we shall perhaps have something to say another time.

* * * * *

Some numbers back I wrote in these pages a brief essay on the pleasures of reading abed. Many appreciative letters called forth by this article seem to prove that the most delightful of intellectual pastimes is in no likelihood of falling into neglect. This, too, in spite of the fact that the habit of smoking at the same time—a necessary concomitant, as I have shown—makes of the indulgence a “fearful joy” and occasionally creates a little business for the insurance companies.

But there is scarcely an act of our daily life that does not involve some risk or peril, and the stout bed-reader (and smoker) will not suffer himself to be daunted by a slight accident or so, or even a hurry call from the fire department. Besides, in my former article, I pointed out some precautionary measures which elderly gentlemen (in particular) might take in order to combine the two delicious habits of reading and smoking abed with reasonable safety. I would not have them feel *too* safe, however, for as stolen pleasures are known to be sweetest, so in this matter the bed-reader’s gratification is heightened and dulcified by a titillant sense of lurking danger. Indeed, I make no doubt that a spark now and then dropping on the bedclothes, or in the folds of the reader’s nighty, or in his whiskers (should he haply be valanced)

and discovered before any great damage is done or profanity released, adds appreciably to the pleasure of the indulgence and is not a thing to be sedulously guarded against. However, this is all a matter of taste, for we know, without reference to theology, that some persons can stand more fire than others.

This point being settled, I am asked to give a list of books or authors suitable to the requirements of the mature bed-reader (there are no others). I do not much relish the task, as I can not bear to have my own reading selected for me, and the priggish effrontery of those lettered persons who are constantly proposing lists of "best books" (in *their* estimation, forsooth!) moves my spleen not less than the purgatorial industry of the Holy Office. But perhaps I may indirectly oblige my friends by glancing slightly at the preferences,—or mere crotchets, if you will,—of an irreclaimable bed-reader, who, being entirely quit of the vanities of careless youth, has now reached that mellowed philosophic age when he would rather lie snugly abed with a bright lamp at his pillow and a genial author to talk to him than do anything else in the world. Oh, by my faith!

In the first place, then, I would put books of a meditative, personal cast, such as have the privilege of addressing themselves to the reader's intimate consciousness and of beguiling him into the illusion that their written thoughts and confessions are his very own. Of such favored books, beloved and cherished of the true bed-reader, are the great essayists or lay preachers, Montaigne, Bacon, Swift, Addison, Voltaire, Rousseau, Rochefoucauld, Macaulay, Lamb, Emerson, Carlyle, Thackeray (in his *Lectures and Roundabouts*), Renan, Amiel—but I am resolved not to catalogue. These and such as these are emphatically *thinking* books, fit for the quiet commerce of the midnight pillow; trusted confessors of the soul, through whom it arrives the more perfectly to know itself; faithful pilots in the perplexed voyage of life; wise and

loving friends whose fidelity is never suspect or shaken; solemn and tender counselors who give us their mighty hearts to read; august nuncios that deliver the messages of the high gods.

I would bar all modern fiction, books of the hour—that swarm of summer flies—all trumpery love stories founded on the longings of puberty and green-sickness, all works on theology (except St. Augustine), political histories, cyclopedias, scientific treatises, the whole accursed tribe of world's condensed or canned literatures and such like compilations, the books of Hall Caine, Marie Corelli and Andrew Carnegie, newspapers—that fell brood of time-devourers—and magazines—those pictured inanities.

After this summary clearing of the field, the task of selection should not be difficult; but even at this stage the prudent bed-reader can not afford to go it blind.

I would not advise books of a violently humorous character more recent than Rabelais, Don Quixote or Gil Blas, even though I may here seem to utter treason against my beloved Mark Twain. But I must be honest with my readers—bed-readers, of course—and truth compels me to say that a recumbent position is not favorable to much exercise of the diaphragm, which such reading calls for. I took Huck Finn to bed with me once when I lay down for a long illness, and hung to him in spite of the doctor and the nurse, until the happy meeting with Tom Sawyer, when I wandered off into a fantastic world where fictions and realities were one. The doctor afterward said I might have died laughing at any time, and now I sometimes think that it wouldn't have been such a bad thing—nay, I even believe that one couldn't be struck with a happier kind of death. . . .

However, I must insist that my friends shall sit up to Huck Finn, the Innocents and all that glorious family connection, as also to their co-sharers in a smiling immortality, Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller. Nor let me forget another genial fig-

ure who has taken a tribute of harmless mirth scarcely inferior to theirs from thousands of hearts and whom *they* would welcome to their benign fellowship—I strongly urge the reader who would have a care of his health, not to go to bed with Mr. Dooley.

Next to the great essayists mentioned above, the poets offer the best reading for night and the bed—indeed I am not sure but that it is the only way to read certain poets.

I am equally fond of the prose and the poetry of Heine, and think he furnishes a variety of entertainment which, on several counts, is unmatched by any writer. But Heine gives no rest, and one is soon overborne by the charges of his wit and the unceasing attacks of his terrible raillery.

In the most intimate sense Horace is (of course) without a rival as a companion and comforter of the nightly pillow. This charming Pagan has confessed and will always confess the best minds of the Christian world. I know one person who owes his dearest mental joys, his best nocturnal consolations and the very spring of hope itself to the little great man of Rome. But he *must* be read in the original—a condition which unfortunately disqualifies too many readers. The songs of Horace, being written in the immortal tongue of Rome, can never become antiquated. Though the Pontifex and the Virgin ceased hundreds of years ago to climb the Capitolian hill, though the name of Anfidus is lost where its brawling current hurries down, still that treasure of genius endures, more lasting than brazen column, a joy and a refreshment ever to the jaded souls of men.

Horace has the supreme and almost unique fortune to appear always modern, his genius being of the finest quality ever known and happily preserved in an unchanging tongue. He is, for instance, far more modern than Dante and distinctly nearer to us than the Elizabethans. Alone, he constitutes a sufficient reason for the admirable, though sometimes foolishly censured, practice of reading abed.

I do not care to read the plays of Shakespeare betwixt the sheets—it seems a piece of coxcombry to coolly degust the accumulated horrors of Macbeth and Lear while lolling on your back and sybaritically exploring the softest places in your downy kingdom—truly a case of what's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba? But I find it quite different with the Poems, which (I may remark) are too frequently overlooked even by those who pride themselves on knowing their Shakespeare. Lately, through the kindness of Dr. Rolfe, I so re-read Shakespeare's Sonnets and for the first time arrived at something like a true sense and appreciation of their deep organ melodies, and at least a partial understanding of the terrible lawless passion which inspired those lavish outpourings of guilty love and remorse that witness forever the glory and the shame of Shakespeare.

No doubt, the learned Dr. Rolfe had to sit up to write his invaluable commentary, with a thorny desk at his breast; how much more fortunate I to digest it with unlabored impartiality, now and then calmly approving or, it may be, controverting the Doctor, but without heat; reclining at my ease, in a silence and abstraction so perfect that fancy could almost hear the living voices of the actors in this strange, repellant drama of the greatest of poets—stranger and more darkly perplexed than any which his genius gave to the stage—and the mind overleaped three full centuries to that memorable English

“Spring

When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim

Did put a spirit of youth in every thing

That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him!”

Will Dr. Rolfe prepare more of these pleasant books? I profess myself only too desirous of going to bed to read them. . . .

Letters of memorable men and women are among the pleasantest and most profitable reading for the bed. There is

so great a plenty of such books that I need not be at pains to specify. I may say, however, that to my humor Lamb's letters are the rarest *deliciae deliciarum*, the most enjoyable reading, for this purpose in the world.

Dickens's letters are valuable beyond those of most later English moderns for their brave and hopeful spirit.

Books of autobiography are good, so that they be not too veracious, like Franklin's—a defect which pertaineth not to the far preferable Messer Cellini. Memoirs and personal chronicles I would not forbid, though the Pepysian hunt has been run to death, out of compliment to the modern fashion of glorifying the Indecent Past, and is too often the mark of snobbery and a vulgar soul. A man shall not leave the empyrean of the poets to put his eye to chamber keyholes and his nose to chamber pots with Samuel Pepys. . . .

Still, I would not deny that there be some engaging scoundrels, like Cagliostro and the before mentioned Cellini, with whom one may have profitable commerce in bed—a thing that during the lives of these worthies never chanced to any man or, more especially, any woman.

But enough for the present.



On Letters.



THE pleasantest thing in the world to receive is a good letter.

Our dearest literary joys are not to be weighed in comparison; indeed they are not at all of the argument, for we share them with many. But a letter—a true letter I would say—belongs to us in an intimate and peculiar sense; something in ourselves has summoned it, and perhaps the deepest source of our pleasure is, that it could not have been written to another.

For it takes two to make a true letter—one to inspire and one to write it; one to summon and one to send.

Such a letter is the child of love, and we rightly hold ourselves blessed for it. A few such letters—none of us can expect many—make shining epochs in our lives.

But these letters are of the rarest, and I would now speak rather of such as we may not too uncommonly hope to receive, supposing (egotistically) we have that in us which has grace to summon them.

A genuine letter is the best gift and proof of friendship. No man can write it who is only half or three-quarters your friend; he might give you money—this he could not give.

I have sometimes been convinced that a man was heartily my friend until I received a letter from him which showed me my error. Not indeed that such was his desire, nor could I point out the word or phrase that enlightened me. I *knew*—that was all.

This will, perhaps, seem the very opposite of the truth to persons who have never considered the matter deeply and who think nothing is so easily given and obtained as a letter. But I am writing for those who understand.

If you have ever been deceived in your dreams of friendship, look now over those old letters you kept, and you will wonder how you could have cheated yourself; the truth you were once blind to, stares out from every written page. It was there always, but your self-love would not see.

Into every real letter the soul of the writer passes. It is this that gives a fabulous value to the letters of great and famous persons concerning whom the world is ever curious—makers of history, poets, warriors, kings and criminals, queens and courtesans, all who for good or evil cause have gained a lasting renown. The collectors are justified by a psychology which few of them can penetrate.

The letters of some persons who have lived and of whom we possess not a scrap of writing, would be absolutely priceless.

Is there, for example, enough worth in money to estimate the value of a letter written by the hand of JESUS? Can you imagine anything that would so thrill the world? . . .

Or, to take a lower and more probable instance: A First Folio of Shakespeare is worth several thousand dollars, and the owner of one never has to haggle for his price—the book itself is the ready money. The number of copies in the world is accurately known, as well as the fortunate owners. Some rich men are content with the distinction of possessing this rare volume and they would like to have the fact mentioned on their tombstone. Well, a genuine letter of Shakespeare's—say to "Mr. W. H.," for example—would probably be worth more than all the First Folios in existence. True, the poet had hardly a thought or sentiment or idea that he did not express somewhere in his plays or poems. No matter—these were of public note, in the way of his calling; what the world wants is a look into the innermost soul of *the man Shakespeare*, who has escaped amid the glory of the poet. A letter! a letter!

Charles Lamb offers a notable proof of the superiority of

genuine letters over mere literary compositions. He wrote many letters to his friends from his high stool in Leadenhall street; letters that have never been equaled for quaint humor, shrewd-glancing observation, kindly comment on men and manners, and, above all, the intimate revelation of one of the most charming personalities ever known. Being thrifty in a literary sense, and by no means a ready writer—he speaks of composing with “slow pain”—it was his habit to make his personal letters do a double service by turning them into essays for the press—and, generally, spoiling them. At any rate, I prefer the letters.

The truth behind this matter is, that if a man be capable, and make a practice of, writing many good letters, he will surely fall off in other lines of literary effort. Renan discovered this early in his career and was very sparing of letters which took anything out of him in a literary way. One might call this sort of economy, keeping the honey for the hive. It is not a bad plan in a thrifty sense, but this article can not sympathize with it, as it makes for the poverty of letters.

Still, the fact doesn't matter so much, as literary people of the professional sort are generally bad letter-writers, for the reason that they bring to letter-writing the dregs of their minds—saving their spirit, grace, naturalness and sincerity for the shop. I have been astonished by the inept, spiritless letters of two or three authors of my acquaintance who are famous for their wit and brilliancy. One of them tells me that it is easier for him to write an article of two thousand words than a letter of two hundred. The assured audience and the certain compensation draw his power, but the letter doesn't seem worth while—and isn't when he's done with it.

Still, there are exceptions, even among literary persons, and especially among women who, literary or unliterary, write the best letters in the world. Bless their kind hearts and busy fertile minds! Should I ever be able to acknowledge the debt

I owe them?—To pay it were not possible, even in dreams. There is dear “E. W. W.”, who came, a late blessing into my life, just when I sorely needed such a friend, and who sends me frequently of her rich store of wisdom and sweetness and strength, though her pen knows no rest and the publishers will not be denied. Strange!—I find in these gracious letters, alive with the breath of her spirit, something that even she is unable to express in her public writings—or is it the vitality of the personal note, the instant flow from mind to mind, that makes me think so? . . . There is charming “T. G.”, more beautiful even than her poetry, who writes too seldom, (thriftiest she of the daughters of the Muse!), but each of whose joyous letters fills with light the happy week of its arrival. And “D. H.”, who was not long ago “D. M.”—what pleasure have I not received from her demure gayety and the sweet cordial note of her letters! . . . And “E. R.”, who was even more recently “E. H.” (ah, happy he who won her gracious youth!)—in what book shall I find a hint of her tricky humor and bewitching pertness? . . . And “B. A.”, whose pensive spirit ever seeking the Unknown, often startles me with its clear divinations—the privilege of the white-souled. . . . And “T. S.”, whose prattling pen has given me cheer when weary and cast down, and who is so near to me in faith and sympathy, though I have never looked into her candid eyes. And “S. B.”, the sweet silent Quakeress, who too rarely writes, and the thought of whom often lies like a sinless peace upon me. But let me cite no more lest I tempt the envious fates by a rash disclosure of my joys.

All these most fragrant friendships, enriching my else flowerless life with beauty and grace and precious consolation,—giving me indeed the rarer life of the spirit,—do I, though undeserving, hold . . . through letters.

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The Kings.



IT IS still summer with the kings, God save them!—a summer that has lasted for many of them over a thousand years. They make as brave a show to-day as ever in the past. It is said they are neither loved nor feared so much as of old, and I know not how that may be; but of this I am sure, that the glory of kings is the envy of the world. The sunlight gilds their palaces and royal capitals and strikes through the many-hued windows of their cathedrals in which they deign to accept a homage second only to that paid to Divinity itself. God is in His heaven, and they are on their hundred thrones.

And these thrones are quite as safe to-day as in the olden time when few or none doubted that the kings were set upon them by Divine Will. Thousands of armed men watch day and night to guard their peace. Cannon flank the entrances to their castles and palaces. The life of the king is the chief care and preoccupation of every people—many starve that he may live as befits his royal state—many die in battle that his throne may be secure. Yet it is true, as in the olden time, that a king falls now and then under the assassin's hand; and the wisdom of man has never rightly explained this seeming failure of the providence of God. But there is a lot for kings as for common men, and accidents prove nothing. Kingship is still the best job in the world—and there are no resignations. Once in a while, it is true, an abdication has to be declared on account of the imbecility of some crowned head—but think how long kings have been breeding kings! What wonder that the distemper should now and then break out in the royal stud?

It is summer with the kings. They have never been a cost-

lier luxury than they are to-day, except that they are not suffered to make war so often. Yet the world continues to pay the price of kings with gladness, and though we have heard so much of the rising tide of democracy, it has not wet the foot of a single throne in our time. No doubt it will sweep over them all some day, but our children's children shall not see it. There is hardly a king in Europe whose tenure is not quite as good as that of our glorious Republic. Kingship is even a better risk than when Canute set his chair in the sands of the shore. Wrap it up in what shape of mortality you please—let it look out boldly from the eyes of a real king, as rarely happens; let it peer from under the broken forehead of a fool or ogle in the glances of a hoary old Silenus,—it is still the one thing in the world which absolutely compels reverence. Other forms of authority are discounted more and more; the Pope who once had rule over kings, sees his sovereignty dwindled to a garden's breadth; the chiefs of republics wield a precarious power, often without respect: the glory that hedges a king remains undiminished and unaltered. The kings owe much to God, and God owes something to the kings—when the world shall have seen the last of these, it will perhaps discard the old idea of Divinity. But, as I have said already, that will take a long, long time—so long that it is quite useless to form theories on the subject.

It is summer with the kings. Nowhere such radiant, golden summer as in royalty-loving Germany. There big thrones and little thrones—such a lot of them!—are all sound and safe—sounder and safer than some of the royal heads that peer out from them. There the play of kingship has been played with the best success to an audience that seldom criticizes and never gets tired nor steals away between the acts. If the good God composed this play,—as so many people piously believe,—then He must hold the honest Germans in special favor—as an author He can not but be flattered. That he does so hold

them is evident from his permitting them to triumph over those incomparably better actors, the French.

This charming, prosaic, joyous, antiquated, picturesque, yet somewhat dull pageant of royalty goes on in Germany forever. If it ever came to a stop for but one day, we may be sure the honest sun that has beamed approvingly upon it for centuries would do likewise. The people fully believe that God wrote the play, and they cling the more fondly to the belief for the reason aforesaid—that it is, like themselves, a little dull. And what matters the sameness of the plot or the occasional incapacity of the leading actors, since the properties are as rich as ever and the stage-setting worthy of the best representations of the past?

God is the favorite playwright of the German people. And never has He given them a prettier interlude than the marriage t'other day of the Crown Prince and the Duchess Cecilia. This charming spectacle moved the admiration of the world and the envy of republics. It was a gala show of royalties and nobilities. At the grand performance in the Royal Opera House in Berlin, seventy princes and princesses surrounded the imperial family—German highnesses are resolutely opposed to race-suicide and even take unnecessary morguatic precautions against it. The display of diamonds and jewels, of exquisite laces and gorgeous millinery, by the royal and noble ladies, out-tongued the praise of a hundred pens. Finer birds, more beautiful plumage, have not been seen since the last days of Versailles. The Empress Augusta Victoria, we read, wore a necklace of fabulous gems—(it is whispered that she is grown too fat for the War Lord's taste). The princesses vied with each other in exhibiting the wealth of their caskets. But the royal bride was unadorned, says the report, "save by her personal graces." What a pity that these graces were not the first to kindle the heart of the Crown Prince, who is known to have had a passion or two of the theatre!

At the wedding in the palace chapel and the after-festivities in the White Hall, there was such a crush of royalties, highnesses, nobilities and excellencies, that the minute etiquette of precedence was preserved only with the greatest difficulty. It is recorded, however, that nothing occurred to scandalize the Hohenzollern traditions or the Kingdom of Heaven.

The gifts to these young persons (who have had the great kindness to be born) beggared all description. They poured in from all the Prussian provinces, from all the potentates of Europe, from the tattooed and savage sovereigns of the South Seas, from the long-skulled monarchs of the Melanesian archipelago, from kings whose royal councils are punctuated by the jabber of apes. Japan, at the very moment when she was conquering a foremost place among nations, sent, with exquisite taste, a pair of antique silver flower bowls. The Sick Man of Europe begged to be remembered by the great and good friend who has nursed him through some bad dreams. Even the Pope, who sees in that marriage and all connected with it the triumph of Luther and the work of the Devil, failed not of his devoir to a brother sovereign.

Still, these foreign tributes were but as a drop to the deep sea of German loyalty and love. For while one part of the nation worships a Roman Catholic God and the other a Protestant God, both agree in paying homage to the throne which supports each altar. So honest Hans sweated to express the fulness of his joy and duty. Substantial were his gifts. A hundred loyal cities joined to offer a bridal gift of a silver service of a thousand pieces—Hans will sweat three years in the making of it and longer maybe in paying for it. No matter—payment is the proof of loyalty. When was there ever a king or a god that was not in constant need of money? . . .

Yes, it is summer with the kings and never have they seemed safer on their hundred thrones. But now as ever in

the long story of kingship, their safety lies not so much in their castles and forts, their armies and sentinels, their myriad spies and their hundred-handed police. Not so much in these things as in the sufferance of the patient people and also their childlike enjoyment of the old play.

Is God the author of this play? Many a man believes it in Germany whose ears are not longer than they should be. And it seems certain that the reputation of God as a playwright will last longer in Germany than elsewhere. The royal and noble claque is thoroughly organized and never misses its cue. Besides, many small but worthy people—prompters, scene-shifters, stage carpenters, costumers, supers and other *gens du theatre*—draw their living from the great comedy and would speedily come to grief if by any chance the public should tire of it. So the good God is concerned for these honest people as much as for his literary repute—and the show goes on. From time to time the end of the play is predicted, but it has had a famous run and it will surely keep the boards—while there is summer with the kings.



Some time ago I wrote that it was summer with the kings, but wondrous is the change wrought within a few short months. Now instead of golden summer, with the courtier sun gilding their palaces and domes and towers, and all the world eager to win a smile of them, a ray of royal favor,—there is winter, black with dread, lurid with rebellion, and sinister with every threat of treason and anarchy.

Though the kings yet hold some show of sovereignty, they are as prisoners in their own strong places, beleaguered by the victorious people and feeling no trust in the very guards of their person. The grand palaces are closed up and deserted, and the splendid cathedrals, in which so often the *Te Deum* has been raised in celebration of some royal victory, are now dark and silent, save for the threnody of mourning bells.

Yes, it is winter with the kings. Panic, terror and wild-eyed unrest hold the place of that mailed security which has sate at scornful ease there during a thousand years. The kings look fearfully forth from their strong towers and castles, marking the flames of revolution that creep steadily nearer and hearing the distant shouts of the advancing army of rebellion. No heart of grace do the kings find in the thickness of the encompassing walls or the yet unbroken ranks of their soldiery. For every wind is now the courier of some new treason or blow at their power. Fealty is become a snare that watches its chance to kill or betray—he that rides forth with the royal command shall turn traitor ere yet he hath passed the shadow of the towers. It is marvelous how loyalty deserts a falling king!

Come now the priests in their most gorgeous vestments and bearing their most sacred images to cheer and console the dejected monarch. Of *their* fidelity he is at least assured, for to him and him alone they owe the grandeur of their state. But alas! what are priests to a king who has lost his people?—nay, they but remind him in his bitter despair of that Power which “hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted them of low degree.” Idly as he had often marked the solemn words, they come back to him now with a terrible weight of meaning. Almost he could bring himself to spit upon these fawning priests who had ever feared to show him the naked purport of the accusing text that now pierces his heart like a sword. And he turns away from their mummeries lest he should cry out against the treachery of their God and his who has thus abandoned him in his need.

It is winter with the kings. That old habit of loyalty and obedience which held their thrones as if mortised and tenoned in granite, has vanished in an hour. Oh, the kings can not see how long it took to mine and shatter their rock of sovereignty, and they blindly regard as the madness of a

moment what has been the patient labor of centuries. Do not flout them in their fallen state by telling them that no hands wrought so busily at the work of destruction as their own. Have pity on the humbled kings!

But wait!—all can not yet be lost. Call in the leaders of the people and let us pledge our kingly word anew to grant the things they ask. 'Tis but a moment's humiliation and the fools will be content and huzza themselves back into our royal favor. Think you we do not know the cattle? Ho, there!—let the varlets be brought into our presence.

Alas, Sire!—it is now too late. Hard though it be to credit, the besotted people—pardon, Sire, for reporting the accursed heresy—have at last abandoned that to which they fondly clung in anguish and misery and trial, against even the evidence and reason of their brute minds, and in spite of all that your royal ancestors could do to alienate and destroy—their faith in kings!

But this is madness!—it can not be. What will the infatuate, misguided wretches do without their sovereign? Answer us that!

Craving your gracious pardon, Sire, they will do as well as they can. And from what we, your humble councillors, can learn, they expect to make shift with a saucy jade wearing a Phrygian cap, whom they name Liberty! . . .

It is winter with the kings, but summer with the peoples who have waited long enough for their turn. Lustily are they girded up and made ready for the gleanings. Boldly and unitedly they march upon the ripe and waiting fields which, so often sowed with their blood and sweat, they now claim for their own. God grant they may bring the harvest home!



The Song That is Solomon's.



HERE is always a Jewish renaissance and that is why we have lately been talking about the beauty of the Jewess.

It is a great theme and there is none other in the world charged with more sweet and terrible poetry.

The beauty of the Jewish women is the eternal witness of the great epic of the Bible. If that divine Book were to be lost in some unthinkable catastrophe, it could be re-written wholly from the lips and eyes of Jewish beauty.

In no long time we should have again the complete stories of Sarah and the daughters of Lot (those forward but provident young persons); of tender-eyed Leah, of Rebekah and Rachel, sweet rivals in love; of Deborah and Hagar and Jael; of Ruth, that pensive figure whom so many generations have strained to see, "standing breast-high amid the corn;" of Rahab the wise harlot and Jezebel the furious; of Tamar who played her father-in-law Judah so shrewdly wanton a trick; of Esther who fired the heart of the Persic king, saving honest Mordecai a painful ascension and much slaughter of the Chosen People; of Susanna, whom the elders surprised in her bath, not the first nor the last instance of the folly of old men; of the nameless wife of Uriah, the lust for whose perfect body drove the holy king David to blood-guiltiness; of the Shulamite (also lacking a name) whom Solomon, son of David, has sung to the world's ravishment; lastly—why not?—of her who has glorified Israel among the Gentiles and hath honor beyond all the daughters of the earth,—Mary of Bethlehem.

In this way, I repeat, the Bible could easily be put together

again—it can never perish while a Jewish woman remains on the earth.

There never was a book written (worthy of the name) but that was more or less directly inspired by a woman. *Cherchez la femme* is the true theory of literary origins.

This is eminently true of the Bible with which women have had (and still have) more to do than with any other book in the history of the world.

The beauty of Jewish women is a wine that needs no bush; it is the sacred treasure that kept alive the hope of the race during the weary ages of shame and bondage. But for that jealously guarded talisman, the Jew would long ago have lost both place and name upon the earth.

Much of the old, consecrated, fatidic character attaches to the Jewish woman of the better class, even in this faithless day. She is honored above the wife of the Gentile and she is conscious of a mission which fills her with the pride of an immemorial race. One fancies that no other woman either inspires or returns love in such measure as the Jewess; that she has some profound joys to give whose secret she alone possesses. The Jew has found in his home compensations for all the cruelty and ignominy which he has had to suffer from the world.

I admire true Jewish beauty so much that I would make a slight discrimination. Not all the Grecian women were Helens and it need not be said that the highest type of beauty among Jewish women is less often seen than praised. In truth, the rule holds good here, that great beauty and great ugliness are found side by side.

One reason for this is, undoubtedly, the bad taste of the average Jew, who can not have his women fat enough and who, therefore, encourages such departures from the ideal standard as serve to caricature the natural beauty and comeliness of Hebrew women. I believe there are Jews who would like to grow their women in a tub, according to the mediaeval

method of producing monstrosities. This bad taste the Jew comes by as a part of his Oriental inheritance—the Turk similarly fattens his women with all kinds of sweetmeats and suets. On account of this vicious taste among too many Jews, one often sees women of hideous corpulence at thirty who were types of ideal beauty at sixteen. Flesh is a good thing, but the Jew should not seek to suffocate himself in it, like Clarence in his Malmsey butt. And pus is not pulchritude.

Let the Jewish woman, therefore, vigilantly cherish the wonderful beauty which has come down to her from those historic sisters of her race whom kings desired with a passion that kindled the land to war, whom prophets and sages glorified, with whom heroes and martyrs walked and concerning whom God Himself has written many of the best pages in His own Book. Let her keep as near as she can to the ideal of loveliness which the great king, drunk with beauty and rapture, pictured thousands of years ago in the lineaments of his Beloved:—

Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet and thy speech is comely; thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks.

Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins which feed among the lilies.

Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honey comb; honey and milk are under thy tongue and the smell of thy garments is as the smell of Lebanon.

Thy neck is like a tower of ivory. Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple: the king is held in the galleries. How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!



Dining with Schopenhauer.



WAS dining lately at Mouquin's, alone. You had better not so dine there, unless you have reached that melancholy climacteric, "a certain age"—(I do not plead guilty myself). It is not good for men to dine alone at Mouquin's and it is even worse for Mouquin's. All here is planned for sociability and the sexes—the *menu* is a paean of sex as frankly declarative as a poem of Walt Whitman's; the wines, the suave, lightfooted French waiters (really French), seeing all and nothing, the softly refulgent electric bulbs, the very genius of the place, all bespeak that potent instinct which harks back to the morning of the world. One sees it in the smallest matters of detail and arrangement. Elsewhere there is room and entertainment for the selfish male, but here—go to! The tables are not adapted for solitary dining; at the very tiniest of them there is room for two. An arrangement that would have moved the irony of Schopenhauer and signalizes the grand talent of Monsieur Mouquin. To conclude, a solitary diner is an embarrassment, a reproach, a fly in the ointment of Monsieur Mouquin. I was all three to him lately, but I make him my most profound apologies—it shall not occur again. Why, I am now to tell.

I was dining at Mouquin's alone, and it seemed as if the spirit of Schopenhauer suddenly descended upon me, who had been there so often, joyous and joyously companioned. The waiter took my order with a veiled hint of disapproval in his manner. He forgot, too, that he was of Mouquin's and therefore, anteriorly of Paris—he spoke English far too well for the credit of the house. At Mouquin's, you know, the wines and the waiters are alike imported. I knew what

the waiter was thinking about—I felt and understood his subtly insinuated reproach: I was alone. There was no person of the opposite sex with me to double or treble the bill and to obey whose slightest hinted wish the *garçon* would fly with winged feet, *à la Mercure*. Decidedly it is a violence to the Parisian waiter to dine alone at Mouquin's, for it robs him of that pleasing incentive which is essential to the perfect exhibition of his art. I do not qualify the phrase—the French waiter at Mouquin's is an artist, and never more so than when he rebukes me, wordlessly and without offence, for dining alone.

However, I was a good deal worse than being alone or in company, for have I not said that Schopenhauer was with me? Do you know Schopenhauer? Is he anything more than a name to you,—that giant sacker of dreams, that deadly dissector of illusions, that pitiless puncturer of the poetry of the sexes, that daring exposé of Nature's most tenderly cherished and vigilantly guarded secrets, whose thought still lies like a blight upon the world? Do you know his beautiful theory of love which is as simple as the process of digestion and indeed very similar to it. Once in Berlin an enthusiast spoke in Schopenhauer's presence of the "immortal passion." The Master turned upon him with his frightful sneer and asked him if his bowels were immortal! . . .

When Actæon surprised the chaste Diana at her bath, he was merely torn to pieces by his own hounds. Schopenhauer's punishment for betraying the deepest arcana of nature was worse, yet not worse than the crime merited—he was compelled to eat his own heart! . . . Not, I grant you, a cheerful table-mate for a dinner at Mouquin's, when the lights glow charmingly and the bustling waiters, the incoming guests, the rustling of skirts, the low laughter indicative of expectancy, and the confused yet agreeable murmur of voices—the bass or baritone of the men mingled with the lighter tones of the women—announce a joyous evening. Charming

fugue, in which a delicate ear may detect every note of appetite and passion, though the players use the surd with the most artistic precaution. (Mouquin's is the most discreet and admirably regulated of *cafés*). Polite overture to the orgasm of the Belly-God and perhaps to the satisfaction of certain allied divinities whom I may not specialize. Admirable convention, by which men and women come in sacrificial garments, or evening attire, to worship at the shrine of the Flesh.

But why drag in Schopenhauer?—do not some guests come unbidden to every banquet, and is it within our power to decline their company? Let us be thankful if at least we do not have to take them to bed with us.

The climacteric, perhaps? My dear sir, when I tip the waiter to-night, I can get him to say easily that I am not a day over thirty. . . .

Throughout the large room (we are upstairs, gentle reader) the tables are filling rapidly with well-dressed men and women. Nothing in their appearance, generally, to challenge remark; a conventional crowd of male and female New Yorkers, intent on a good dinner and subsidiary enjoyments. For the first time, perhaps, I notice how pleasant it is to observe everything at leisure, without having to talk to any one—you really can not see things in a detached, philosophic manner when you have to jabber to a pretty woman.

A clerical-looking gentleman with a severe forehead, is one of my near neighbors. His companion is a handsome young woman, rather highly colored, who seems more at home than the forehead. A couple take the table next to mine; the young fellow is well-looking enough, the girl has the short, colorless, indeterminate, American face, with its pert resolve to be pretty; both are young and have eyes only for each other—that's the point. They sit down to the

table as if preparing for the event of their lives; this eager young expectancy is smilingly noted by others than myself.

A large man convoying three heavy matronly women who yet do not look like mothers—you know that familiar New York type—takes a favorable station against the wall where there is much room for eating and whence the outlook is commanding. The large one perjures himself fearfully in explaining how he had it specially reserved. I know him for a genial liar, and maybe the ladies do, too. These four have evidently come to eat and drink their fill, and to look on: Schopenhauer is no concern of theirs, nor they of his.

Not so this elderly man with the dashing young woman on his arm—the man is too handsome to be called old, in spite of his white hair. The young woman has that look of complete self-possession and easy tolerance which such young women commonly manifest toward their elderly admirers—this is not romance, but what is generically termed the “sure thing.” Schopenhauer is but faintly interested, and my eyes wander toward the little American type. She has had her second glass of wine by this time and it has hoisted a tiny flag in her cheek. A little more and she will succeed in her determination to be pretty—the dinner is only half under way. Schopenhauer bids me note that she eats now with undisguised appetite, and that she fixes a steadier gaze upon her young man than he can always meet. Both young heads are together and they eat as fast as they talk—but youth atones for all. These two continue to draw the gaze of most persons in their vicinity.

There have been one or two mild selections by the orchestra, but they passed unnoticed in the first stern business of eating. It is a pity that artists should be subjected to such an indignity, but it can not well be avoided by artists who play for hungry people. The leader of Mouquin's orchestra—perhaps I should say the orchestra at Mouquin's—is a young man with a high forehead and long hair. I am not a

critic of music, like my friend James Huneker, and I am unhappy in the difficult vocabulary which that gifted writer employs. But it seems to me the conductor and first violinist at Mouquin's is an artist. A veritable artist! No doubt I shall be laughed at for this—I have said that I am ignorant of the technique of criticism.

When the orgasm of eating had in a degree subsided, Schopenhauer nudged me to observe how the company began to give some attention to the music and even to applaud a little. Ah, it was then the young leader seemed grand and inspired, to me. He looked as if he did not eat much himself; and his music—something from Tannhauser—fell on my ears like a high rebuke to these guzzling men and women. I do not know for sure what the "*motif*" of it was (this word is from Mr. Huneker), but the refrain sounded to me like, "Do not be swine! Do not be swine!"

The swine were in no way abashed—perhaps they did not understand the personal allusion. I have read somewhere in Mr. Huneker that the Wagnerian "*motif*" is often very difficult to follow.

We had reached the coffee, that psychic moment when the world is belted with happiness; when all our desires seem attainable; when with facile assurance we discount the most precious favors of love or fortune.

"You will now observe," whispered my invisible guest, "that with these animals the present is the acute or critical moment of digestion, from which result many unclaimed children and much folly in the world. The edge of appetite has been dulled, but there is still a desire to eat, and the stage of repletion is yet to be reached. These animals now think themselves in a happy condition for the aesthetic enjoyment of art and even for the raptures of love. They have been fed."

The terrible irony of the tone, more than the words, caused me to turn apprehensively; but no one was listening,

and my hat and coat occupied the chair where should have sat my *vis-à-vis*.

With the coming of the cordials and the lighting of cigarettes, the music changed to gayer measures. The young maestro's head was thrown back and in his eye flamed the fire of what I must call inspiration, in default of the proper phrase or hunkerism; while his bow executed the most vivid lightning of melody. This was the moment of his nightly triumph, when his artist soul was in some degree compensated for the base *milieu* in which his genius had been set by an evil destiny. He now saw before him an alert, appreciative audience, instead of an assembly of feeding men and women. For the moment he would not have changed places with a conductor of grand opera.

"Note that foolish fellow's delusion," said Schopenhauer. "I have exposed it a hundred times. He thinks he is playing to the souls, the emotions of all these people, and he plumes himself upon his paltry art. They also are a party to his cheat. He is really playing to their stomachs, and their applause, their appreciation, is purely sensual. Yet I will not deny that he is doing them a service in assisting the process of digestion; but it is purely physiological, sheerly animal. The question of art does not enter at all, any more than the question of love does in the mind of yonder old gentleman who has ate and drunk too well and is now doting with senile desire upon that young woman."

I noticed indeed that the elderly gentleman had become gay and amorously confidential, while his companion smiled often with affected carelessness, yet seemed to be curiously observant of his every word and gesture. But *their* affair was no matter for speculation.

I glanced toward the clerical gentleman with the severe forehead. Both he and the forehead had relaxed perceptibly and there was evident that singular change which takes place when a man doffs the conventional mask of self. His lady

friend seemed disposed to lead him further. No romance here. . . . "It is the stuff of all romances," snarled Schopenhauer.

The heavy women waddled out once or twice to the retiring room and came back to drink anew. No man looked at them, save in idle curiosity—they were beyond tempting or temptation. "These represent the consummate flowers of the sexual or passional instinct," remarked the sage. "Gross as they now seem, they were once young and what is called desirable. They yielded fully to their animal requirements—they ate, drank and loved, or to speak more correctly, digested—with such results as we now see."

I shuddered . . . but the large women were indubitably enjoying themselves.

There was more music—the guests applauded ever the more generously. The leader now condescended like a veritable artist—*à bas le café!*

I noticed that my little American beauty left the room (without her wraps) a bit unsteadily, and came back presently, very high in color. A drink was waiting for her, and she began talking with her young man as if she and he were alone in the world. I noticed also that the young man carried his liquor rather better and seemed to shrink a little under the eyes attracted by the girl's condition. In my ear I heard the sardonic whisper of Schopenhauer:

"They call this love!" . . .

I would rather dine with a pretty woman at Mouquin's or elsewhere, than with any philosopher, living or dead. Especially Schopenhauer: *à bas* the climacteric!



In Praise of Life.



HAVE to thank the many loyal friends who gave me their sympathy and support during an illness that cut nearly three months out of my working calendar and suspended two issues of

THE PAPYRUS. To have learned that there is such a stock of pure kindness in the world, is worth even the price I paid for it.

The desire of life prolongs it, say the doctors. 'Tis true, and when the wish for life gets its force from the strong motive of doing one's chosen work in the only world we surely know, then is Death driven back and to Life goes the victory.

Oh! Life, Life, how much better art thou than the shadowy hope of an existence beyond the grave! I can hold thee, taste thee, drink thee, wrap myself in thee—thou art a most dear reality and not a shadow. I kneel before thee and proclaim myself more than ever thy true lover, believer and worshiper. Let me still be a joyous living pagan and I will not change with all the saints that have spurned thee and gone their pale way to Nothingness. I breathe thy warm, perfumed air as one newly escaped from the antechamber of Death. It is the last week of May—sweet May, I had thought never to see thee again!—and the whole world is fragrant with lilac. It is an efflorescence of life and hope and joy, Nature's largess after the dearth and desolation of winter. My soul is inundated with the golden waves of light and warmth and melody. Something of the sweetness and vague longing of adolescence revives in my breast. My heart trembles with a sudden memory of old loves, a memory called up by the sunshine and lilac scents

and bird music with which the glad world is running over. Youth smiles a sly challenge at me and love holds forth his ineffable promise. I am drunk with the rapture of May—for I live . . . I live . . . I live!

Henley the brave, who not long ago captained his soul out into the Infinite, was moved by his experiences in hospital to write some of his most striking poems. No doubt there is matter enough for a poignant sort of poetry in the House of Sickness. But literary inspiration fails a man when both his mind and body are disintegrating. I have brought nothing from my white nights in the hospital, but I left there a good deal of myself corporeally and something—as I am admonished by a present difficulty in writing—of my admirable literary style. I think with pain and shame of the utter weakness to which I was then reduced, and I wince at the recollection of some concessions wrung from dismantled nature. I do not care to reflect upon the long blank hours, or days, or weeks, during which I kept my bed in passive endurance, or upon one terrible night when I waited for what seemed to be the End with such courage as I could command. According to the Christian precept, I should have seen in all this the hand of chastening and meekly accepted the portion dealt out to me. But had I yielded to this comfortable sort of spiritual cowardice, I should probably not be alive to tell the story. Many good Christians are thus soothed out of this weary life into a better world, for a mental attitude of pious resignation is the hardest condition with which the doctor has to contend and an unrivaled fattener of graveyards.

In the next room to mine was a fine young man who had undergone an operation for appendicitis. The nurses told me there was no hope for him, as he had been brought in too late—the nurses never contradict the doctors. Poor fellow, I could hear his every sigh and groan in the vain but heroic

struggle he was making for life. Presently a stout clean-shaven man in clerical garb passed my door. It was the minister. He remained about ten minutes with the young man, who was a member of his church. When he left I watched from my window and saw him mount his bicycle and ride away. He did not return. The young man died next day. I made up my mind more decidedly that I would get better.

* * * * *

As a boy I used to read in my prayer book the supplication against the "evil of sudden death." In this is contained the very essence of the Christian idea, since death being synonymous with judgment, must needs appear terrible to the soul unprepared. Indeed a sudden death in the case of an irreligious person is always hailed as a judgment by people of strict piety. On the other hand, the favor of heaven is shown by the grace of a long sickness with its leisure for repentance and spiritual amendment. No picture is so edifying in a religious sense as that of the repentant sinner, over whom we are told there is more rejoicing in heaven than is called forth by the triumph of the just. Especially if the sinner have repented barely in time to be saved—that is the crucial point. If he should make his peace too soon, or if his repentance should come tardy off, it is not difficult to fancy the angels cheated of their due excitement. Such a blunderer would, I imagine, get more celestial kicks than compliments. God help us!—I fear me these deathbed repentances are the sorriest farce acted in the sight of heaven.

Yet farcical as they are, religion owes to them a great part of its dominion over the conscience of men. The Catholic faith, in particular, has invested the final repentance and absolution with a potency of appeal which few indeed are able to withstand. That is the meaning of the phrase, "Once a Catholic, always a Catholic." And there is doubtless a grandeur subduing the imagination in the proud position of

the Church, that no soul need be lost which has ever known her sacraments. Whatever the cold reason may make of this assumption, we may not forget how much it has contributed to the peace and consolation of humanity.

As for myself, having had two long and desperate sicknesses in the course of a half-dozen years,—having been so near the Veil which hides the Unknown that I could have touched it,—my prayer now and forever shall be: Lord, deny us not the blessing of sudden death. Even as quickly as Thou pleasest, call us hence, oh Lord!

* * * * *

To be at home once more in mine own place, to sit under the cheerful lamp with pipe and book, to taste the small honors of domestic sovereignty, to look forward with a quiet hope to the morrow's task, to watch the happy faces of the children in whom my youth renews itself, and to share the peace of her who has so long partnered my poor account of joy and sorrow—all this is a blessedness which I feel none the less that I do not weary a benign Providence with fulsome praise.

Many pious works have been written on the incomparable advantage of being dead,—that is, on the superior felicity of the life to come. The most eloquent and convincing of these macabre essays were composed by a set of men who had resigned nearly all that makes life dear to humanity. It is enough to say that they knew not love, the most powerful tie that attaches us to life. On this account their valuable works no longer enjoy the great popularity which they had in a simpler time. Indeed, the decline of this religious Cult of Death is one of the marks of an advancing civilization. No doubt it served a humane purpose in those dark ages which we call the Ages of Faith, when life was far more cruel than it now is for the mass of mankind. Amid constant wars, bloodshed, oppression, famine and their attendant evils, from which only a privileged few were exempt, what

wonder that men turned eagerly to a gospel which to us seems charged with despair? So the ages of history during which hell was most completely and perfectly realized on this earth, were also those in which faith in heaven and the Church was universal. But with the slow growth of liberty and the partial emancipation of the human conscience during the past three centuries, there has gradually been formed a truer and better appreciation of life. The Cult of Death has lost its hold upon the masses, with the dissolution of the old terrible dogma of eternal punishment. Men are more in love with life at this day than ever in the past—with life, and love, and happiness, and freedom, all of which were more or less limited and tabooed in the blessed Ages of Faith. As Heine said, "Men will no longer be put off with promissory notes upon Heaven—they demand their share of this earth, God's beautiful garden." . . .

Let us have life and ever more life!



BALZAC somewhere shrewdly observes the persistence of the vital spark in the sick in the crowded quarters of a great city where the strong current of human life rises to the full.

It is a good thought and a cheering one. Life begets life and the desire of living: human companionship is almost the condition of existence. The hermits who have lived long in their solitude are memorable instances—because there have been so few hermits. Secular age and health pass without comment in the immense human hives where they are too familiar to excite remark. The common notion that people live longer in the country than in the city, is wrong, like so many other received ideas: the truth is, they die earlier and faster in the country, and the earlier and the faster in direct ratio to the lack of companionship. Solitude

is the best known aid to the madhouse and the cemetery—even the solitude of open fields and healthful skies. On the other hand, there are in the densely populated ghettos of Vienna, of London and of New York, surrounded by conditions that would seem to make health impossible, persons so old that time appears to have passed them by.

Do you want to live and live long?—then be where men and women are living, loving and propagating life. Borrow from the universal vital force. Draw on the common fund of health and energy. Drink from the full-flowing stream of life. Deep calls unto deep and heart unto heart. With a million hearts around you, with a million pulses challenging and inciting your own, how can you fail to keep time to the great rhythmic harmony? From all these you derive strength and hope and encouragement; every throb of every one of them all is a summons to live—to live—to live!

Now of this hear a proof. It seemed to me, as in an evil dream, that I had long been sad and dejected, brooding over uncertain health and poisoning my blood with the black viper-doubts that strike into the very heart of life; believing my heritage of length of days to be forfeited; shunning the cheerful society of my fellows; keeping alone with a swarm of morbid fears and fancies; looking on life with the lost gaze of one who divines everywhere an unseen but exultant and implacable enemy.

Then, at last, I yielded to the bidding of a kinder spirit. I threw off the nightmare and mingled again with my kind. I went where men and women were merry with feast and dance, with wine and music and song. I looked for the joy of the human face and did not look in vain. I recovered in a moment my old birthright of hope and happiness. My heart, so long drooping, rose at the compelling summons of life about me: the old desire to live and love sprung up anew in me to hail the red flag in a woman's cheek and the bright challenge of her eyes. I filled my glass and at the bidding

of beauty and joy devoted my ancient sick fears to perdition. I was merry with the rest, aye, merry with the maddest;—and since that hour I live . . . I live . . . I live!



AM asked if, in my opinion, suicide is ever justifiable.

The question is one for the individual conscience. Men and women are answering it with a dreadful yea, yea, every day, casting away life as they might reject a worn-out garment.

By social consent, founded on religious feeling, suicide is a crime against God. It is also held to be a crime against society. Persons attempting suicide and failing in the act are subject to the rigor of the law. No legal punishment is (of course) provided for those who succeed, but they do not escape in the next world—the churches take care of that: all theologians agree that the suicide is eternally reprobate and damned.

I dissent utterly from this inhuman teaching, while I can conceive of no circumstances that would make suicide justifiable for myself. For so dissenting I shall be told that I render myself liable to damnation. Is it not strange that a man should be damned for holding too favorable an opinion of God?

But it may not be so bad as that—we have only some men's word for it.

We are told that hardly a soul comes into the world but at some time or other thinks of voluntarily quitting it, and is only restrained by the fear of eternal punishment.

I would change this—I would make life here, present, hopeful and abundant, the restraining influence. I would pit Life against Death and turn my back on the kingdom of shadows.

I do not defend suicide, but I plead for the many upon whom fate imposes this bitter destiny.

For myself I believe that life at the very worst is too precious a gift to throw away. Steep me in shame and sorrow to the very lips, exile me from the charity of my kind, pile on my bare head all the abuses and humiliations which human nature is capable of inflicting or enduring—my cry shall still and ever be for life, more life!

Though the wife of my youth should betray me again and again, though my children prove false and dishonor my gray hairs, though my oldest, truest friends abandon me and I become a "fixed figure for the hand of scorn to point his slow unmoving finger at,"—still shall I cling to this boon of life—life—life!

For now I tell you, heart-burdened, weary and despairing ones, if only you will be patient a little longer and wait, life itself shall heal your every sorrow.

I give you this Gospel of Hope, this water of refreshing in the arid desert of your despair—

Life is the Healer, Life the Consoler, Life the Reconciler.

In earlier years I used to hear the most eloquent sermons on the blessedness of death, which always left me cold and unpersuaded. To such gloomy homilies is perhaps due the aversion I now feel toward most preaching. No! talk not to me of death, that ironic Phantom, that grisly Sophist by whose aid religion maintains the unworthiest part of her conquest. I hate and abominate from my deepest soul this plausible, solemn, unctuous, lying cant of darkness and the grave. He that preaches fears it as much as he that hears and will move heaven and earth to escape the inevitable doom. Away with such mummery!

Death in the ripe course of nature is beautiful and seemly, but death by disease, or violence, or accident, is horrible, for no man should be cheated or cheat himself of his due share of life. And this which is now an empty axiom shall one day be

the highest law of a better state of society than we yet dream of, wherein disease shall be unknown and death by violence, public, private, or judicial, a thing without precedent.

My cry is for life—more life!

Look, ye impatient ones!—I, too, have been down, down, down in those abysmal depths where hope is a mockery and the mercy of God despaired of; I have tasted the bitterness of betrayal by those most sacredly pledged to keep faith with me; I have known the uttermost treason of the heart; I have been made to feel that there was not one soul in all the living world joined to me by any true or lasting bond; I have seen the destruction of my own house of life, that temple of the soul, losing which a man is homeless on the earth.

And yet I rose out of this lowest hell of desolation, borne as I must believe by some late-succoring, strong-winged Angel of Hope—and blessed God to see again the cheerful face of life!

Little children, little children, the end of all will come only too soon: why hasten it? The Master of Life has bidden you wait His summons. By my soul! I do not believe that He would harshly reprove you or turn away His face should you, under the goad of sorrows too great for endurance, come suddenly, unbidden, before Him. Yet were it better to stand firm like good soldiers and abide your call.

* * * * *

It is most strange that while men have killed other men, believing themselves to be inspired of God, no man has ever been credited with the same belief in killing himself. The courts of heaven, it would seem, are thronged with murderers who have been washed clean in the blood of the Lamb; but you shall see no suicide there.

Is not this a monstrous conception—one that dishonors God?

Why should the sinless suicide be damned to a rayless Hell while some bloody Alva or cruel Calvin is crowned

with the salvation of the just? Why should there be hope for the slayer of age, the ravager of innocence, the despoiler of the widow and the orphan, and none at all for him who strikes only at his own life? Does God indeed choose His saints with so little care, or have we not here one of those perversions that harden the hearts of men and "sweet religion make a rhapsody of words"? Let us deny this monstrous teaching of narrow-hearted men who presume to speak for God—let us say to all such in the words of Hamlet over the self-drowned Ophelia :

"I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be
When thou liest howling!"

Again I say, you are not to take your life on any terms: in other words, you are not to accept defeat. It is not that I would brand as coward the man who boldly pushes his way into the Unknown—the courage of that act is so appalling that men have named it madness. But it is a higher courage to resist the fates.

Yet—whisper!—I do not find it hard to believe that often God in His mercy shows this only way, this *via dolorosa*, to some poor lost soul, some victim of man's inhumanity, unable to struggle longer in the coils of fate.

To me the most awfully pathetic figure in a world sown with tragedy is the man or woman, broken on the cruel rack of life, who makes a desperate choice to find his or her way alone to God. Though you plant no cross and raise no stone upon that grave, though you hide it away from the sight of men, I for one shall not deem it a grave of shame. I shall kneel there in spite of priestly anathemas; I shall pray for this poor child of earth sainted by suffering; my tears shall fall on the despised grave where rests,—oh, rests well at last,—one of the uncounted martyrs of humanity. Yes! I see in

that nameless grave huddled away in the potter's field a symbol of the tragedy of this life whereunto we are called without our will and whence we must not depart save in the process of nature. And I will believe that God rejects the poor defeated one lying there when I, a mere human father, feel my heart turned to stone against the weakest and most erring of my children.

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HAVE you ever really thought upon the beauty of this world which is passing away before your eyes? You have read the words, "The eye is not satisfied with seeing nor the ear with hearing," but have you ever thought that they might bear another sense than the Holy Book gives them.

For my part, when I come to die I know what my chief regret will be. Not for my poor human sins, which have really hurt nobody save myself and most of which I will have forgotten. Not because I have missed the laurel which was the darling dream of my youth. Not because I have always fallen short of my ideal and, still worse, betrayed my own dearest hopes. Not for the selfish reason that I have never been able to gain that position of independence and security which would enable me to work with a free mind. Not for having failed to score in any one particular what the world calls a success. Not for these nor any other of the vain desires that mock the human heart in its last agony.

No; I shall simply be sorry that I failed to enjoy so much of the beauty of this dear earth and sky, or even to mark it in my hurry through the days, my reckless pleasures, my stupid tasks that yielded me nothing. I shall think with utter bitterness of the time out of all the time given me I might have passed in profitably looking at the moon. Or in mark-

ing with an eye faithful to every sign, the advance of the bannered host of Summer unto the scattered and whistling disarray of Autumn. How many of those wonderful campaigns have I really *seen*?—alas! I know too well how many I have numbered.

There was a rapture of flowing water that always I was promising myself I should one day explore to the full; and now I am to die without knowing it. There were days and weeks and months of the universe in all its glory bidding for my admiration; yet I saw nothing of it all. My baser senses solicited me beyond the cosmic marvels. I lost in hours of sleep, or foolish pleasure, or useless labor, spectacles of beauty which the world had been storing up for millions of ages—perhaps had not been able to produce before my brief day. I regret even the first years of life when the universe seemed only a pleasant garden to play in and the firmament a second roof for my father's house. Grown older but no wiser, I planned to watch the sky from dawn to sunset and, on another occasion, from sunset to dawn; but my courage or patience failed me for even this poor enterprise. I was a beggar at a feast of incomparable riches, and something always detained me from putting forth my hand; or I left the table which the high gods had spread and went eating husks with swine. And now I am to die hungry, self-robbed of my share at the banquet of immortal beauty—can Christian penitence find anything to equal the poignancy of such a regret? . . .

Yet even as I write I am cheating myself in the old bankrupt fashion, for the day outside my window is like a tremulous golden fire and the world overflows with a torrent of green life—life that runs down from the fervid heaven and suspires through the pregnant earth. It is the first of June, when Nature, like a goddess wild with the pangs of delivery, moves the whole earth with her travail, filling every bosom with the sweet and cruel pain of desire. Now she takes ac-

count of nothing that does not fecundate, conceive or produce, intent only upon securing her own immortal life. And though she has done this a million and a million ages, yet is she as keen of zest as ever; as avid for the full sum of her desire as when she first felt the hunger of love and life; as unwearied as on the morning of Creation.

"Put away your foolish task," she seems to say. "Yet a few days and it and you will both be ended and forgotten. Come out of doors and live while the chance is left you. Come and learn the secret of the vital sap that is no less a marvel in the tiniest plant than in the race of man. If you can not learn that, I will teach you something else of value—the better that you ask me naught. Leave your silly books and come into the great green out-of-doors, swept clean by the elemental airs. Here shall you find the answer to your foolish question, 'What do we live for?'—Life . . . life . . . life!"



Pulvis et Umbra.



NO sadder message comes to a writer in the course of a year than the news of some friendly though unknown reader's death. Often you learn it only through the return of the magazine, with the single word "Deceased" written across the wrapper. It is a word to give one pause, however engrossing the present occupation. Here was a man or woman who, though personally unknown to you, was yet, it may be, in spiritual touch with you—perhaps the best friendship of all. For him or her you wrote your thoughts—since all writing is to an unseen but familiar audience; for him or her you told the story of your own mind and heart, sure of a kindly understanding and sympathy—without this assurance, believe me, there would be little enough writing in the world. Every writer's message is conditioned—I would almost say dictated—by this invisible but closely judging auditory. You get to know what your readers expect, and this in the main you try to give them, though often failing the mark. So the act of writing is a kind of tacit covenant and coöperation between the writer and his public. Indeed, it is not I but you who hold the pen; or rather it is I who hold it but you who speak through it and through me.

This relation being understood, it is but natural that a writer should feel a sense of grief and loss on hearing of the death of some one who held him to this communion of thought and spirit. I am not sure that this grief would be more genuine had he personally known the lost one—our finest friendships, like the old classic divinities, veil themselves in a cloud. We wear ourselves out trying to maintain the common friendships of the house and street, and it is like

matching faces with Proteus: in the end we become indifferent—or wise.

But here was one whom you never saw—who lived half the length of the continent from you, or perhaps in the next town—no matter, you two had never met in the body. Your word did, however, come to him and called forth a genial response; he let you know that so far as you went he set foot with you. Thenceforward you marched the more boldly, getting grace and courage and authority from this one's silent friendship and approval. You figured him as one who stood afar off—too far for you to see his face—and waved you a cheery salute; your soul hailed a fellow pilgrim. Now comes the word that he can go no further with you—rather, indeed, that he has outstripped your laggard pace and gone forward on the great Journey. You learn of his departure in the chance way I have mentioned—not being a friend in the conventional sense, the family do not think to send you any message or mourning card. You have but to feel that you are poorer by a friendship of the soul than you were yesterday; that you are going on, in a sense, alone and unsupported, for this friend was a host; that you are not to look ever again for his written word of praise, which brought such gladness to your heart, or his delicate counsel that often helped you to a clearer vision of things. The silent compact is dissolved.

I set these lines here in loving and grateful memory of a few such friends of mine who died to this life during the past year. May they live on to higher purpose!

Life is a blessing, and death is no less.

That which we call the common lot is the rarest lot. Love and loss and grief are for all.

Of two men, one who loves and one who has loved and

lost, the second is the richer: God has given him the better part—he holds both of earth and Heaven.

The love that has known no loss is wholly selfish and human. Death alone sanctifies.

Who has not lain down at night saying unto himself, "Now is the solemn hour when my own shall come back to me,"—has not sounded the shoreless sea of love.

I believe in life and I believe not less profoundly in death.

I believe in a resurrection and a restoration—we can not lose our own.

No man has ever yet found tongue to tell the things that death has taught him. No man dare reveal them fully—'tis a covenant with Silence.

A power that strikes us to our knees with infinite sorrow and a yearning that would reach beyond the grave, must be a Power Benign.

Life divides and estranges: Death reunites and reconciles: Blessed be Death!

"Your friend is dead!" they told me, but I did not believe nor understand.

Then they led me to a darkened room, hushed and solemn amid the roar of New York, where I saw him lying in a strange yet beautiful serenity.

No disfigurement of his manly comeliness; no trace of a struggle that had convulsed the watchers with pain only less than his.

Roses on his manly breast—roses rich and lush as the young life that had sunk into a sleep so sudden, so unlooked for.

Nothing to shock, nothing to appal in this worldless greeting to the friends of his heart. As ever in life, his personality took and held us in its strong toil of grace—yes, more than ever held us now closely his own.

Could this indeed be death?

Ah, many a time had I hastened with joyous anticipation to meet him, but never had we kept a tryst like this.

I clasped that hand whose touch so often had thrilled me with its kindness—oh, hand so strong and gentle of my best-loved friend! It was not cold as I feared it would be, and surely a pulse answered to mine—he knew, oh, yes! he knew that I was there.

I kissed his calm forehead and felt no chill of death—no terror at the heart. He seemed but to lie in a breathless sleep that yet held a profound consciousness of our presence.

Still they said he was dead,—he so tranquil, almost smiling and inscrutably attentive!—and the grief of women challenged my own tears to flow.

Yet, with my emotions tense as a bow drawn to the head, I could not weep; so was I held by this wonder and majesty they called death. And it seemed that he did not ask my tears in the ineffable peace of our last meeting—no, not my tears. But there was a gathering up of the heart which I had never known before, a bringing together by Memory, the faithful warder, of all that had made or ministered to our friendship,—kind looks and tones, trifles light as air mingled with graver matters, a country walk, a sea voyage, books that we had read together, snatches of talk, mutual pleasures, mutual interests, a hundred proofs of brotherly affection and sympathy,—so Memory ran searching the years till the sum of my love and my loss lay before me.

Did he know—did he feel? Scarcely I dared to ask myself when the Silence breathed Yes! . . .

Here at my elbow is the telephone into which I could summon his pleasant voice at will. It was but now we were talking and making happy plans together—I had no plans without him.

Then there was a blank, and a strange voice, vibrant with pain, called me up and said . . .

Oh God!—It can not be true! He a giant in his youth and strength; he with his vast enjoyment of life, every nerve and muscle of him trained to the fullest energy; he struck down without a note of warning in the vigor of his triumphant manhood, while the old, the sickly and the imperfect live on?—No, no—this were not death, but sacrifice.

Why, it was but yesterday I felt the vital grasp of his hand; listened to his brave talk, so genial a reflex of his mind and spirit; basked in the brightness of his frank smile,—debtor as ever I was to his flowing kindness; drank the cordial of his living presence, and took no thought of fate.

And now they tell me he is dead—that from our account of life, this long sum of days and hours so dreary without him, he is gone forever! Over and over must I say this, or hear the dull refrain from others; yet the truth will not press home.

For, in spite of the dread certainty, I am not always without hope of seeing him again in the pleasant ways of life where often we met together; where never we parted but with a joyous promise soon to meet again.

This hope would be stronger, I now feel, had I not looked upon him in that strange peacefulness that was yet so compelling; and sometimes I wish they had not led me there.

So hard is it to break with the dear habit of life—so reluctant the heart to believe that the silver cord has been loosed which bound it to another.

Oh, my lost friend!

The watchers told me that they had never seen so brave a struggle for life. Time and again he grappled with the Destroyer, like the strong athlete he was—yes, and often it seemed that his dauntless heart would prevail. But alas! the fates willed otherwise.

Then at last, when hope was gone, as he read in the tearful eyes of those about him, he threw up his right hand with a lamentable gesture, saying,—“That’s all!”

Not *all*, brave and true heart, for love can not lose its own, and thy defeat was still a victory. Thou livest now more than ever in the memory of those who gave thee love for love, yet ever lacked of thy abounding measure; to them shalt thou ever appear as when thou didst fall asleep in the glory of thy youth and strength; age can not lay its cold hand upon thee, and thy beloved, dying old mayhap, shall again find thee young.

In that sweet hope, dear Friend of my heart, and until then—farewell, farewell!



Shadows.



E are shadows all and shadows we pursue. This business of life which we make-believe to take so earnestly,—what is it but a moth-chase or the play of grotesques in a child's magic lantern? A sudden helter-skelter of light and shade, a comic jumble of figures thrown for a moment on the screen, and then—darkness!

Children of the shadow, to that Shadow we return at last; but the very essence of our life is fluid, evanishing always. The minute, the day, the hour, the year,—who can lay hands on them?—and yet in our humorous fashion we speak of these as fixed and stable things, subject to our control. Meantime and all time, dream delivers us unto dream, while life lends to its most tangible aspects something shadowy and spectral, as the vapors clothe the horizon with mystery. The things we call realities, in our vain phrase, that enter most deeply into the warp of our lives, these are also dreamstuff, kindred of the Shadow. Our consciousness from which we dare to apprehend immortality, can only look backward into the realm of dream and shadow, or forward into the realm of shadow and dream. I am at this moment more stricken at the heart with the sorrow of a song that my mother crooned to me, a child, in the firelight many years ago, than with all the griefs I have since known. Shadows, all shadows! With my house full of romping, laughing children, there falls now upon my heart the tiny shadow of a lost babe—and I beat helpless hands against the iron mystery of death. . . .

But the living, too, are shadows, not less pitiable than they whom death has taken from our sight. Nay, it is more sad

to be the shadow of a shadow than to clasp the final darkness.

Tell me, oh dear love, where now is the face that once showed me all the heaven I cared to know, the form that made the rapture of my youth, the spell which filled my breast with delicious pain, the lips whose touch so coy, so rarely gained, was honey and myrrh and wine? Oh, say not that she, too, is of the Shadow!—

Nay, she is here at thy side and has never left thee, but is in all things the same—look again! Alas! this is not the face that charmed my youth, this is not the form that filled my dreams—and *her* eyes were clear as the well-springs of Paradise. But oh, for pity of it, let not my poor love know that her dear enrapturing self, with our precious dream in which we drew down heaven to earth, is gone forever into the Shadow. . . .

We are shadows all, living ghosts, so slight of memory and consciousness that we seem to die many deaths ere the final one. This illusion we name life is intermittent—hardly can we recall what happened day before yesterday. Even the great events of life (as we phrase them) do but feebly stamp our weak consciousness. By a fiction which everyone knows to be false, we make a pretence of feeling much and deeply. 'Tis a handsome compliment to our common nature, but the truth is we rarely *feel*—our substance is too thin and ghost-like.

As shadows we fly each other and are never really in contact. This is the profound deception of love, the pathos of the human tragedy. The forms we would clasp make themselves thin air; we strain at a vacuum and a shade—aye, in the most sacred embraces of love we hold—nothing. Less hard is it to scale the walls of heaven than to compass our desire. But now at last we are to be satisfied, to have our fill of this dear presence which spells for us the yearning and

mystery of love:—in the very rapture of possession we feel the eternal cheat.

Yet while we lament ever that we can not lay hands on those we love, shadows that we are, no more sure are we of ourselves. This shadow of me eludes even myself as I am eluded by the shadows of others in the great phantasmal show around me. I know this shadow of me, volatile, uncertain, ever escaping from under the hand, and if I were not so busy chasing my own shadow—the evanescent me—I should have more leisure for hunting other moths and shadows. The old Greeks figured this change and fugacity in the mythic Proteus; but they missed the deeper sense of it.

There was a shadow of me last year that I had some cause of quarrel with and we parted unkindly. Where is it?—gone forever. Wiser now, I would gladly make peace with that shadow—it meant honestly, I must confess, though often it sinned and blundered—but never more will it walk the earth. Other shadows of me have likewise escaped, leaving similar accounts unsettled (they never do put their affairs in order) —not to be settled now, I dare say, until the Great Audit.

I would not care to recall all those shadows of myself, even had I the power, as I would not wish to live my life over again, without leave to change it (He is a fool or a liar who says otherwise). But I may confess a weakness for One that vanished long ago, leaving me too soon: a shadow of youthful hope and high purpose that could do much to refresh this jaded heart, dared I but look upon it. Oh, kind Master of the Show, grant me once more to see that shadow on the screen! Unworthy as I am, let me look on it again and strive to gather new hope from its imperishable store. I know it dreamed of a holier love than I have realized; of nobler aims than I have had strength to reach; of crowns and triumphs that I shall never claim. It believed only in good (God knows!) and since it left me, without any cause that I can remember, I have known much evil. Yet it is still

the essential me, soul of my soul, and so must it be through the eternities. I can not be separated from that Brightness, that Innocency, that Hopefulness which once was I—call it back for but an instant to give peace to my soul!

Vain appeal!—A shadow calling unto the Shadow.



Sursum Corda.



HERE is a brief Latin saying which holds in two words the best philosophy of the human race. It is, *Sursum corda*—lift up your hearts!

Why despair of this world? All the joy you have ever known has been here. It is true there may be better beyond, but as Thoreau said, "One world at a time!"

And now let us reason a little. Are you sure you have given the world a fair trial—or rather have you let it give you a fair trial? Softly now: the first words will not do to answer this question—remember it is not I who interrogate, but your fate.

Can you expect anything but failure when you lie down and accept defeat in advance? Anything but sorrow when you set your house for mourning? Anything but rejection when you carry dismay in your face, telling all the world of your hope forlorn?

I went to my friend asking cheerily and confidently for a thing that seemed hopeless: smiling and without a second thought, he gave me what I asked. Again I went to my friend asking humbly and with little heart of grace for a thing that I yet knew was hopeful: frowning he denied my prayer. With what brow thou askest shalt thou be answered.

Lift up your hearts!

A word in your ear: Have you ever had a trouble or a sorrow that would for a moment weigh with the sure knowledge that you were to die next week, next month, next year? Be honest now! . . .

A little while ago I was very ill, and it seemed to me that if only I could get up from my bed, nothing ever would

trouble me again. Well, in time I was able to get up, and then the old worries came sneaking back, one after another. Even as I write, they are grinning and mowing at my elbow, telling me that my work is futile. I know I am happy and well now, but they are always trying to persuade me to the contrary. I know that my hope was never so reasoned and strong, the future never so gravely alluring; but they will have it that I am an utter bankrupt in my hopes and the way onward closed to me. I know my friends—my real friends—were never more true and fond and faithful than they are to-day—they whisper darkly of broken faith, evil suspicion and the treason of the soul.

Out upon the liars! It is I that am in fault to give them a moment's hearing. The broken faith, the treason, the distrust—if any such there be—are mine alone; for in my own breast were these serpents hatched and the poison I drink is of my own brewing.

Lift up your hearts!

Hast thou no cause to be happy?—look well now. Thou wast sick and thou art now whole. Weary, thou didst lay down a beloved task, not hoping ever to take it up again: yet see! it is in thy hands. Is not the wife of thy youth ever with thee, still fair and kind and blooming? Thou dreamest a haggard dream of poverty, while thy house is filled with the divine riches of love and ringing with the joyous mirth of thy children. The musicians of hope pipe to thee and thou wilt not dance; victory smiles on thee anear and thou wilt think only of defeat. Look!—it is but a little way and thou droopest with the long wished-for haven in sight. . . .

Lift up your hearts!

Yesterday the aeolian harp was silent all day in the window, not a fugitive air wooing it to music. To-day it is wild with melody from every wind of the world. So shall the brave music of thy hopes be renewed.

Have no care of the silent, barren yesterdays—they are

only good to carry away all your mistakes, all your maimed purposes, all your vain brooding, all your weak irresolution, all your cowardice. Concentrate on To-day and your soul shall be strong to meet To-morrow. Hope, Courage, Energy—and You!—against whatever odds. . . .

Lift up your hearts!



Seeing the Old Town.



I'VE been back seeing the old town. The old town where I served the first years of my hard apprenticeship to life—alas! not yet completed. The old town where, as a boy, I dreamed those bright early dreams whose fading into gray futility makes the dull burden of every man's regret.

It may be that my dreams were more varied and fantastic than those of the average youngster, for I was the fool o' fancy with a poet's wild heart in my breast. God knows what I promised myself in that long vanished time of youth which yet was instantly vivified and present to me as I trod the streets of the old town. I felt like one about to see a ghost—the ghost of my young self; and I shrank consciously from meeting it with this bitter-sweet pang of disillusion at my heart. I could not more sensibly have feared a living presence. Alas, what one of us all is worthy, after the heavy account of years, to confront the ghost of his candid youth?—what one but must bow the head before that pitying yet reproachful Memory?

This feeling took such strong hold upon me that soon I hastened away from the too-familiar squares and corners, so poignantly reminiscent of that other Me, and went to the hotel facing Main street. But even here, seated at a window and elbowed by a group of story-swapping drummers, I could not free myself from the spell of old memories. Youth with its hundred voices cried to me; the past and the present became at once strangely confused yet separable; and I was set to the painful task of tracing and identifying my younger self in the crowd of passers-by.

And I did find that boy again—oh yes! I did find him in

spite of the lapse of many changing years and all that Time has wrought within and without me since he and I were one. I found him, though he was long shy and hesitated to come out of the shadows; holding back timidly and looking on me with tender yet doubtful eyes—ah God! I knew *whence* the doubt. But at last he came fully, careless of the roaring drummers or knowing himself to be unseen; and I held his hand in mine, while a sweet sorrow beat against my heart in the thought of what might have been and now could never be. And after the kind relief of tears, we talked in whispers a long time there by the window, no one noticing us; and ere he went back into the shadow he touched my forehead lightly with his lips, leaving me as one whom God has assoiled. . . .

The old town was but little changed, only it seemed smaller, like all places we have known in our youth and been long absent from. The Main street, where the working boys and girls flirt and promenade in an endless chain, still slouched the whole length of the town, with the railroad between it and the river; no different except that it was better paved than in my time, and the clanging trolleys ran instead of the ancient bob-tailed horse-cars. There were a few new shops or strange names over the old ones—no other changes of consequence. The same old town!—the boy of twenty years ago would not have been phased in the least.

But I was, and the fact was due to the changes which Time had written upon so many faces I had known; fair young girls turned into full-blown matrons, vaunting their offspring with no lack of words, or withered old maids looking askance and shrinking from recognition; striplings who had shot up into solid manhood, and whom you were puzzled to place; broken old men whom you recalled in their vigorous prime; all the varied human derelicts of the storm and stress of twenty years. Oh, it makes a man think to look things over every five years or so in the old town.

Certainly, if you wish to get a true line on yourself, go

back to the old town. Nothing else will do the trick. Your glass is a liar leagued with your vanity. Your wife a loving flatterer who says the thing that is not. Your children will never tell you how old you are beginning to look. Your daily intimates and coevals are concerned to keep up the same illusion for themselves. You deceive yourself, know it and are happy in the deception. There is only one way for you to learn the "bitter, wholesome truth," or, in other words, to get a fair look at the clock—go back to the old town!

There is some humor, too, in going back, as I find from my visits at an interval of five or six years. Always I am most heartily and noisily greeted by men who have no use for me except to "knock" me, whom the sight or sound of my name exasperates, to whom my tiny bit of success is poison, and who struggle on bravely with the hope of seeing me finally land where I deserve to be and am, as they fervently believe, irretrievably headed. We do each other good, for if I were to die, these men would lose one of the sweetest motives of their existence; and I, knowing this, am eager to live on and disappoint them.

Last time I went back I saw one of those friendly fellows at a distance of a block, and he kept his glad hand out at the risk of paralysis, until we came together. Then how he laughed with pleasure and what a grip he gave me! I had to laugh with him and return his grip, so far as my feeble strength would allow. In an acquaintance of over twenty years this fellow had never offered me the slightest proof of his friendship, save, as I have said, to "knock" me; and now a dear friend of mine hung modestly back while he crushed me in his iron embrace. When I was going away at the end of my visit, this terrible enemy came to the nine o'clock train to see me off and spoiled the leave-taking of my real friends. There is irony of the same brand elsewhere, but you will not see it to such naked advantage as in the old town. . . .

The saddest experience one can have in revisiting the old

town is to hear suddenly of the death of some friend of one's youth, who though separated from one by long years of absence, must ever share in the romance of that enchanted period. I was so to learn of the loss of a friend who had been very dear to me in the old days. Together we had trudged the Main street of the old town, by night and by day, making plans for the future, few of which were realized either for him or for me.

The friendships of youth are sacred. Mature life has nothing to offer in their place. Men agree to like each other for social or business reasons; often because they fear each other. The heart is not touched in this hollow alliance—it is a pact of interest and selfishness. Youth and trust, age and cynicism—thus are they paired.

I know well that one or two young friendships or frank elections of the heart have yielded me much of the pain and thrill and rapture of that sentiment between the sexes which we call love. I know that I was several years older ere the voice of a girl had leave to thrill me like the tone of this dear lost friend; that I suffered as keenly during an occasional boyish miff with him as in my first genuine love quarrels; that I would have risked life and limb to please him, and could conceive of nothing sweeter than his praise; that I can not think of him even now without a pain at the heart which I have not the skill to analyze. And though I saw little of him for many years and there was no attempt to follow up our ancient friendship—our paths lying wide apart in every sense—and though he died a man of middle age, I can but think of him,—taking no note at all of the years that lie between,—as a bright-haired, laughing youth; and so mourn him with a sorrow of the heart which proves a silent witness there during all the years to the truth of our early affection.

There is something divine, though we but dimly glimpse it, in the unavowed, almost unconscious persistence of these sacred ties of our youth, these precious legacies from the days that

are no more, whose light shines with a white lustre that belongs to them alone.

Sleep well, my friend! . . .

I was not sorry to have seen the old town again, though it gave me but a sad pleasure at best and I was glad when my short leave was up. And yet that singular thrill of walking where once you knew and were known of everybody, and where still, because of some slight rumors from the great outlying world, a quenchless village curiosity attends you, is worth going a long journey to feel.

To say nothing of your joyous enemy who hails you with stentorian shout and glad hand extended, on your arrival, and likewise dismisses you on your departure with curses not loud but deep. And the many things you see and hear and feel which, without compliment, certify you to yourself as you are!



A Hearty God.



LET us believe in George Meredith's "God of hearty humor." He would, I am sure, be very different from the Jewish God, that terrible Being who was never known to smile, and in whose awful shadow the children of men have mourned and done penance during weary ages. We should turn away from that lurid history in which there is no innocent mirth, whose triumphs are often stained with the blood of the guiltless and from whose pages men have wrested a warrant for their blackest crimes. We should forget it utterly—its blighting and cursing, its groveling worship, its denial of humanity in the name of a self-styled God of Mercy, its craven prostration before the jealous Egotist of the heavens.

Our God of hearty humor is one who would not lie in wait, nursing His malice against us poor human mites, spying upon us constantly, and rejoicing in His enormous power of mischief. Who would not punish the children for the sins of the fathers. Who would not play favorites and set one race to destroy another. Who would not have an insatiable appetite for foolish incense and mumbled praise. Who would not be a mean God for mean people, preferring those made in His own image and likeness. Who would hate to see the spiritual distortions that are now practised before the Other, in the name of religion. Who would have nothing to do with an Atonement of cruelty and blood. Who would be a kind human God for human beings and not a mythical monster belonging to a remote age of nightmare and darkness. Who would get tired sometimes of His majesty up there and come down and visit with us. Having His laugh with us—ah, then

to be witty would no longer be sinful and sanctified dulness would lose its crown. Shouldn't we enjoy the humor of God, especially the immense joke that we quite mistook His character during ages and ages?—stupendous hoax! Hearing our complaints with kind indulgence and disproving that old libel that one may not see God and live. Being, in short, a hearty God whom a plain man could talk to without the help of bell, book or candle, and who would care for us, His little ones, as tenderly as we care for our own. What a re-writing there would be of the legend of God! What a discrediting of the old fables! What a tearing down of the old hideous idols before which the world has prostrated itself for a thousand and a thousand years!—for there should be no lifeless images to the Living God. What an abandonment of the churches!—for this God would meet us naturally anywhere, at home or abroad in the fields. What a wiping out of the creeds!—knowing Him face to face, we should not have to set down our belief in a book, lest we forget it over night. What a wholesale dismissal of His self-appointed agents and intermediaries!—no one should stand between this God and the humblest of his children. What a new heaven, what a new earth in the sure presence of a kind, hearty God, who would manifest Himself equally to all His people! . . .

Perhaps it is not so hard to believe that such a God is with us even now . . . if we will only stop thinking of the Other!



The Better Day.



SOMETIMES I see as in a vision a fairer and better world than this in which man is still the prey of man and the race still travails under the primal curse. A fairer and better world and yet the same.

The same green plains and rolling rivers, the same bannered forests and flower-decked meadows, the same happy orchards and smiling fields, the same succession of seed-time and harvest, the same processional of the seasons, with the blue sky over all.

But not the same faces and forms of men and women and children—not the same their life in the thronged cities where labor, wolf-like, feeds on labor, poverty devours poverty, and the many toil hopelessly for the few—not the same in the meagre villages where the strong man pines in his unfruitful strength and old age is a mendicant, nor in the wide country, rich with corn and wheat, whose wealth is not for the tillers:—not the same wherever human destiny is cast.

I look, and lo! I see beautiful and ordered cities occupying larger spaces, with homes of comfort and beauty for all the dwellers therein. I mark no divisions of rich and poor, of proud and humble, of vicious and virtuous, of law-abiding and disorderly. I see no gallows for the felon, no jail for the criminal, no court for crime, no brothel for the prostitute, no workhouse for poverty, no hospital for disease—none of all the nameless refuges into which society casts the rejected, the fallen and the despised.

Instead of these terrible and familiar things, I see health universal as the air, virtue that needs no policeman, honesty that goes unwatched and unsuspect, content and competency

for all. I see many and noble schools, some in spacious buildings, others in the open parks and pleasure places, the teachers mingling freely with the eager, happy children; and I note with joy that there is an end of the old instruction of constraint and fear.

I see with greater joy and thankfulness that among all these children of the Better Day there is no defect of mind, no deformity of body; that they were conceived and begotten in the love that can not libel itself. And I rejoice that there should be an end of that old blasphemy declaring the idiot, the halt and the blind, the wen, the hare-lip and the ulcer to have been made in the image of God.

I see churches of a more liberal and humane religion, temples of a higher art, theatres of a nobler drama, orpheons of a grander music, recreations of a better and more elevating kind, open to all the people. I am stricken with wonder at the demeanor of these worthy citizens, at their sage and just observations, their unerring sense of artistic beauty and fitness, the culture and largeness of view, common to all, which accompany their better lot.

I see on every hand unhurried, skillful industry that seems to me superior to much of the so-called art of our own day. I mark the fine proportions of the private dwellings, the heroic symmetry of the public structures, the true harmony in which all are coördinated. I see carpenters and house-smiths working with the dignity of sculptors, mechanics proud of their artizanry, a new honor in all the trades. I see labor unforced, erect, independent everywhere. I hear no brutal commands, I see no servile or sullen obedience. I perceive only the will of free men in voluntary action, delighting to serve and adorn the city of their homes. And in all these grand cities I see no pampered idleness, no useless hands, no listless slaves of luxury, no swollen drones absorbing the riches of the hive, no parasites whose ease is purchased by

the blood and sweat of thousands. But I see that there is labor and leisure enough for all.

Now looking to the country, I see as it were a vast and variegated garden made up of multitudes of smiling farms, with every acre yielding its due produce, every rood under tillage, and labor here as in the cities, content, calm and self-sustaining. I see that at last the city and the country live for, not to prey upon or devour, each other. I look upon such a population as the world has never seen, filling the earth with joy and mirth, with love and useful labor, with the blessings of peace, the trophies of art, the achievements of industry. I see no idle, menacing armies, no hosts of men withdrawn from the pursuits of peace, no cannoneers waiting with match and fuse, no quarrel broached on sea or land, no priests arrayed to bless and sanction slaughter, no sword unsheathed, no whip upraised, no covering tortured form, no people bowed beneath oppression, no despot defiant of justice—nothing to mar the universal brotherhood under the smile of God! . . .

Oh, call it not a foolish vision, crudely as I have here sought to put it into words,—for it has been the consoling dream of the noblest souls that have ever worn the vesture of humanity. It was this which inspired the martyrs of freedom, and filled with light the dungeons of the brave; this which robbed the rack of pain, took away the sting of the most cruel death, and welcomed the stern trial of the fire. Be it ours to pray for it, to watch for it, to struggle for it with patient loyalty, to bring up our children in the holy faith of it, to consecrate and dedicate to it the best purpose of our lives.

So shall those who come after bless us in the light of that Better Day, paying to our dust the homage of their praise and tears; lamenting that we can not share in the glorious fruition. So shall we be sure that we have not lived in vain!

A Modern Heresy.



IN THE beginning we are told the good God ordained that some of His human children should play and more of them should labor. So it has continued to this day, to the entire satisfaction of the playing children.

These latter were never so numerous in the world as they are in the present year of grace. They were never so rich and they never had so many beautiful and ingenious play-things—the world is literally a doll's house to them. It is for them to sing:

The world is so full of all manner of things,
I think we should all be as happy as kings.

I say they were never so numerous, because the labor of the children who toil is ever creating new wealth, the material of pleasure, and this increases the number of the children who play. Mark you, without really diminishing the great host of working children.

Of course, these are often discontented with their lot, and sometimes they even threaten to knock off work entirely and go in for play themselves. But it never quite comes to this, for law and authority, the forces of organized society, are always on the side of the playing children. And when the laboring children actually leave the work-bench, the forge, the mine, the factory, proposing foolishly to themselves to imitate their betters, then the thing is called a Strike, the soldiers are brought out to terrify the unwilling workers, often many of these are killed in the violence that is sure to follow, and presently all is again as before: the laboring children la-

bor and the playing children play. If a strike were to last very long,—that is, long enough to inconvenience the playing children,—then it would be called Anarchy and there would surely be War. But that dreadful thing has seldom happened, and so the playing children have small fear of it.

It is very hard to break down an ordinance of the good God. And yet this one regulating the division of labor and play, has stood so long, not perhaps so much through the will of the playing children and those in authority, as through the patient submission of the working children themselves, who for the most part love and believe in God, and especially believe that the Son of God while upon this earth was like unto themselves. So they have been patient, very patient, and I think will be so to the very end—the end that shall give them at last their due portion of play.

Yes, there were never so many playing children and never so much play in the world. And it really is a beautiful world to play in, if only one had the time for it, and the money! But money and time, the two chief requisites of play, can not be for any man, except through the labor of others. Herein is seen the wisdom of the good God—without the children who labor there would be no children who play!

To be sure, there are certain men called Anarchists and Socialists by those in authority, who propose that all shall labor and all shall play, on equal terms. In other words, that there shall be no longer a distinct division of the children who labor and the children who play. But this plan is regarded by the churches as an impiety—there is no warrant for it in the Bible, they say, and it clearly was not the intention of the good God. Has He not always played favorites, according to the Book which is called His Word; setting some of His children to rob and slaughter others, equally His children; wiping out the guiltless and taking their inheritance; filling whole regions of the earth with needless suffering, and blood, and tears? It is true the meaning of the

Holy Book seems often obscure in the light of common sense and has to be interpreted by an Authority which practically stopped guessing about it over a thousand years ago!

In the past the efforts of men to understand the Bible differently from the teachings of Authority, often led to bloody wars. But if you will hearken to the churches, there has never been a heresy so dangerous to Sacred Truth or one that carried so formidable a menace to the divinely appointed system of things, as this of the men called Socialists and Anarchists—namely, that the human race, all children of God, should not be divided into two groups, enormously unequal, of those that labor and those that play. Many of the playing children are at bitter odds as to the meaning of the Bible in various texts and places—nay, to a considerable number of them the Holy Book seems a very dull joke and their lives are often a mockery of its precepts. But on the point that they and their kind shall be suffered to play forever, they are all in perfect accord and as one mind. The forces of law and authority are on the same side and also the weight of that immense legacy of traditional ignorance, superstition, brutality and injustice which is misnamed civilization.

So it is bound to take a long time, a very long time yet; but I believe the Plan will be tried one day. And if it shall succeed (which I believe also) then the good God will be worshipped in this beautiful world of His as He never was through the cruel ages when He turned one face to the children of labor and another to the children of play.



familiar Philosophy.

Hope.



HAST ever been in Hell, dear child of God? Hast fallen down—down—down to those rayless depths where thou couldst no longer feel the supporting hand of God and where thou didst seem to taste the agony of the last abandonment? Hast known that terrible remorse wherein the soul executes judgment on herself—true image it may be of the Last Judgment—that night of the spirit whence hope and blessedness seem to have utterly departed? Hast known all this, dear child of God, not once but many times?—nay, livest thou in a constant dread expectation of knowing this again and again, so long as thy soul liveth? Then, be of good hope, for thou art indeed a Child of God!

There be many ways of winning Heaven, dear heart, but this is of the surest—to know and feel Hell in this world. And the more terribly thou comest to realize in thy spirit the horror and desolation of Hell here, the better approved is thy heirship in the Kingdom. For when thy feet take hold on Hell, then of a truth thy hope is high as Heaven.

This too, forget not, is the trial and test of all fine souls—saints of God, martyrs of humanity, the great mystics and dreamers, the chosen of our race, whose names partake of the eternal life and glory of the stars. Wouldst thou be of a better company? All these great and victorious souls had known Hell to its uttermost depths, had tasted its most bitter anguish, had suffered its most fearful agonies, had drunk the cup of its awful despair, and had cried out under the burthen of doom, like Him on the Cross, that their God

had forsaken them. Yet all were sons of God and proved their titles by conquering Hell in this world.

Even as they fought the good fight and prevailed, so shalt thou, brave heart. Be glad and rejoice that thou art called upon to endure the same great trial, as being worthy of their fellowship. Thy deep-dwelling sorrows, thine agonies of spirit,—nay, thy wrestling with Powers of Darkness and all the supra-mortal venture of thy soul which thou deemest laid upon thee as a curse,—do but seal and stamp thee God's darling. For none can reach the heights who has not known the depths, and though the Kingdom of Heaven be not of this world, most surely is the Kingdom of Hell. . . .

Courage, dear child of God!



Love.



OVE is for the loving.

There is but one well in the world that grows ever the richer and sweeter and more plenteous by giving.

That well is the human heart and its living waters are those of love.

Yet herein is the wonder of it, that the man who thinks he hath need of it but seldom shall not at his desire get more than a scanty draught, and the sweet water will turn bitter in his mouth.

Ye have heard it said, to him that hath shall be given: this is the meaning thereof.

Spend yourself in loving that you may be often athirst for the life-giving water. But count not to drink unto refreshing unless you come weary and blessed from the service of love. Then, ah then, the sweetness of the draught! . . .

Love is for the loving.

I spake some harsh words to my dear love, thinking myself in the right and forgetting the Law of Kindness. Then, as I was turning away in anger, the sight of her pale face, with its mute reproach, smote me to the heart. I took her in my arms and we wept the most precious tears together. O divine moment, in that sacred hush, with her heart beating against mine, I seemed to be conscious of angels listening.

Sympathy! Sympathy! More and more I tell myself this is the master word.

We are constantly seeking our own in darkness and light, awake or adream; reaching out our longing arms toward the Infinite; sending forth our filaments of thought; summoning the One who shall know and feel, with a passion of desire; praying for that rare response which crowns the chief expectancy of life. Not always do our arms fall empty; not always do our thoughts return to mock our vain quest; not always are our prayers unanswered and our hearts left void and cold.

I hold this to be of the true divinity of life, this kinship of the spirit which will leave no man or woman at rest but ever insists upon working out its exigent yet benign destiny, forming those sweet and consoling relations which are our best joy here and may be our eternal satisfaction.

For the expectancy of love and sympathy,—that is to say, understanding—is one that never dies in the human heart. I may be sad, or dull, or cold, or out of touch with reality; I may persuade myself that there is no longer any pith in my mystery, that the years have left me bankrupt in the essential stuff of life; that there is no remaining use for me under the sun. But let my heart be apprised, in the faintest whisper, of the advent or imminence of a new friend, and lo! the world is fresh-made, the heavens constellated with hope and joy and wonder as on the first day.

Life is truly measured only by such love or expectancy; when that fails it is the same story for king and beggar.

Love is the summoner, love is the seeker, love the expectancy and love the fulfilment. Blessed be Love!

I have said that we can not lose our own and are always seeking them by various means. Let me cite a familiar instance which many readers will easily parallel from their own experience. But it is the familiar instance that really *proves*.

A year or so ago I was deeply moved by the wretched fate of a man of genius whom I had loved for his mind and admired for his art and pitied for his terrible misfortunes. I said my say on the matter, with sincerity at least, and those words of mine brought me precious letters of praise and sympathy from unknown friends in foreign lands, who had also been friends of the fallen man of genius. Then, some time afterward, I read in an American journal a letter on the same subject by a man whose name was unknown to me, but whose quickened expression of my own feelings—pity for the dead, thanks for his rare gifts of which art has the immortal usufruct, charity for his errors and scorn for the Pharisaic spirit that exulted in an orgy of reprobation over the obscure grave where he had at last found peace and a safe refuge from the hunters—called the tears to my eyes and the blood to my heart. I tried to learn the writer's address in order to thank him for the emotion he had given me, but failed for reasons which I need not explain. Months passed away, during which I thought of the writer often, with a certain motiveless feeling, too, that I could afford to wait; and then one day there fluttered into my hand a letter from him! Just such a letter as I should have expected from one whose mind and heart were an open book to me; artless and cordial, as a man should write to his friend. He, too, had been seeking me, having somehow learned of the strong tie of sympathy

between us; and the thing harassed him, as he frankly confessed, until he had found me.

Oh, I do not claim that there is anything extraordinary in this little coincidence, for I am not a believer in the extraordinary—the ordinary keeping my curiosity and sense of wonder fully occupied. But surely it establishes something for the kinship of sympathy and the intuitive mutual quest of related spirits.

My prayer to the Infinite is that I may be suffered to go on to the end, seeking . . . seeking. For I say again, Love is the summoner, Love is the seeker, Love the expectancy and Love the fulfilment. Blessed be Love!

Yes, dear, do you go on sending me those sweet messages full of praise, and hope, and inspiration, holding always before me the Ideal, keeping me to the plane of my better self. I may not feel that I deserve a tenth part of your faith in me—no matter, some day I may be worthy of your praise. And even though I should never reach the summit of your appreciation, still the glory will be yours of having urged me to the endeavor. You are the height and I am the depth; you are the star shining in the Infinite and I the poor vainly aspiring worm on the earth below: yet in some fortunate hour I may be lifted to you.

For we do not make the supreme effort of our souls for the many, but for the few,—nay, oftenest of all, for the One! When I am at my best, you know well that I am writing for you alone; when I am at my worst, it is because I can not rise to the thought of you. Even so my soul is often silent for days, giving me no message from the Infinite, no hint of its kinship to the stars, no whisper of the life it led before this life and the life it shall lead after this. I sometimes think you are my soul!

But help me—help me always, no matter how often and

how far I may fall below your hope of me. Still reach me your kind hand which has power to save me from the last gulf; still say those words of grace and cheer for which I hunger the more, the more that I feel my unworthiness. I will read them over and over until I make myself believe that I really deserve them. Some day, be sure, I will utterly free myself from my baser self and live only for you. I will be your Sir Galahad and my strength of soul shall be as the strength of ten. I will dedicate every thought to you and I will write for you alone—then must I at last be worthy of your praise in which the few or the many will have no part. I will no longer give out my truth to hire, or shame the Divinity in my breast, or care only to move the laughter of the crowd. I will write a book only for you, and you shall be here, as now, looking over my shoulder as I write, and giving me fresh inspiration whenever my thought fails. Neither the few nor the many shall see this book—it will be for you and me alone. We shall love it greatly for having written it together and because it will be forever sacred to us two. I have already thought of a title for this book—we shall call it the “Story of a Man who Lost but afterward Found his Soul.”

Turn now your dear face to the light—for my lamp wanes and I have sat far into the night—that I may see the look of praise upon it that has cheered so many a task of mine; that I may renew my worn spirit in the eternal peace of those calm eyes.

Tell me,—oh, tell me the truth, I beseech you,—*are you my soul!*

Love is akin to hate—how trite that is and how true! I sometimes wonder is either quality to be found unmixed with the other? Can we have love without hate or hate without love? The only glimpse of hatred I have ever had that quite

appalled me was from one who loved me very much. Ah, happy they who neither love nor hate!

In love we must bleed and the wounds we receive are very cruel. Still it seems we can never have enough of them, for love has power to heal the wounds which it inflicts—and so we go on loving and bleeding to the end.

There is one thing of which I have never had my fill and for which my soul hungers always—love! And always I am promising to myself that some day I shall be satisfied.

When I was younger there was nothing for me but a woman between the heavens and the earth. Now I perceive there are a few other things. Yet I am not old, as age is counted.

The only man who has a right to despair of the world is he who neither loves nor is loved.

There is but one thing more interesting than a woman's love—her hate.

Love is a combat and friendship a duel. Strife is the law of existence.

I should never be weary learning of women. I have long since tired learning of men.

Look back now over the long way and see if it be not Love that has led you so far!

Love is the one dream that does not forsake us as we descend into the Valley, but is potent to bring joy or misery to the last.

Woman is the weaker animal, but she wins every battle with man—even when he thinks himself the victor.

To find the One who could love and feel and understand—this is the dream of some who yet remain faithful to their bonds.

What is more terrible than the face of one who once loved and now hates you, seen in a dream!



Epigrams and Aphorisms.



THE wise gods when they contrived this tragic comedy of life which we have been such a weary time a-playing, mixed up a little humor with the serious business. He alone plays his part well who finds the jest—the lath for the sword, the mask of Harlequin for the frozen face of Medusa. Those who have best solved the exquisite humor of the gods are called great by the general voice of mankind, and some dozen of them have lived since the world, or the play, began. Unlike these supremely gifted players, the vast majority of men get only the merest inkling of the gods' merry intent, but it suffices to save their lives from utter misery. Some devote themselves to solving the riddle with terrible seriousness, and the laughing god underneath always escapes them, leaving them empty-handed and ever the more tragically serious. These—and they are no small number—die in madhouses or religion, or write books which increase the sorrow of the world: whatever their fate, life remains for them a tragedy to the end.

There came a Soul before the Judgment seat. And God said: Need there is none that We judge this man, for he hath given all his days to Evil; from his childhood he hath turned his back upon the City of Peace and none hath ever cleaved more to the sweetness of sin. Let him pronounce his own judgment and avow that he hath deserved the Evil Place.

Then the Soul cried out: It is true I have merited Hell by my iniquity, but this is not thy justice.

And God said: What more canst thou ask, seeing that thou hast wrought judgment against thyself?

Then the Soul made answer: Send me to Heaven for the good I would have done!

Laugh at Death and the chances are that he will give you a meaning salute and pass by. Get into a panic and chase after Dr. Cure-all—you will presently have a surer physician on your trail. When the Fear is really at hand,—as once occurred to me, when though I called to it, it went away,—you will learn that it is no fear at all. For it is much easier to die than to live, and at the last Nature helps us to play our part. Indeed I believe few of us know what true courage is until we come to die, though we talk of it so loosely.

The fear of death is largely a growth of superstition, and it has especially been fostered by the Christian faith, with its terribly uncertain award in the Hereafter. To the ancients it was utterly unknown in this dreadful aspect, and it was indeed accepted with a natural firmness and resignation which "makes cowards of us all." But the last thing to be said is, that our modern fear of death is as foolish as futile and makes a mock of itself. For why cling so desperately to this uneasy life which you are yet ever wishing an end of, by discontent with the present or idle anticipation of the future? Do you remember when it was thrust upon you?—I doubt that you will be more conscious when it is at last taken away.

Some one has defined genius as "inspired common sense." I would beg to amend this by dropping "common," for a genius may have inspired sense at any age, but common sense does not come to him much before he is thirty-five. For about the seventh lustrum a man begins to see the true value of life and to hold a serious accounting with himself. The spendthrift desires and ardors of passion are past—the riot and the rapture of mere physical enjoyment gone by. Henceforth a man is no longer the fool of his senses—unless he be a fool from his mother's womb.

The universe has steadied itself in his gaze; men cease to appear unto him as "trees walking;" the eternal questions, Wherefore? Whither? recur with a persistence that will not be laid to sleep.

Now does the man begin to set his affairs in order and to take stock of his life-experience. What have the years brought him or taken away?—the gravity of this thought strikes him with a novel force. He finds, in truth, that he is poorer than he believed; that the mountains which once seemed to melt before the daring of his spirit are still there and now, alas! impassably high; that he is less in knowledge and will and power than he had assured himself; that time has stripped him of not a few illusions which once seemed to him the very stuff of life.

While the fit lasts I take my opinions very seriously and labor hard to pass them on to others; not, if I know myself, as a matter of vanity, but simply that other persons may be benefited by partaking of the immense wisdom and knowledge which I do not care to monopolize. I am even eager to do battle for my opinions, and make myself quite wretched should they fail of a candid hearing. And it is likely enough that in my fiery, foolish zeal I may unwittingly cause pain to some tender hearts—for which I now and at all times ask forgiveness. But presently the wind shifts 'round to another corner of the compass, and I am a sane, good-humored man again, laughing cheerfully at my own and others' opinions.

Most of us inherit our opinions. I inherited mine, and they were of the sort that are branded into the soul by old, unhappy, far-off memories of persecution endured for their sake; committed as a sacred heritage of race and blood; confirmed by voices that plead the more potently across the silence of death; and finally stamped by a course of training that picked them out in letters of fire.

Well, I carried these opinions for the better part of my

life, the joyous and hopeful part, and then I threw them away—perhaps to my loss and sorrow, for in these matters my heart is often a rebel against my head.

Cultivate joy in your life and in your work. For indeed when you think of it, over-seriousness is the bane of art as of life. Nothing in art was ever done well that was not a joy in its conception. Travail the artist must, but in gladness. So of the perfect lyrist, we read that his song is a rapture poured forth from a heart that can never grow old.

Alexander Dumas, the greatest master of narrative fiction that has ever lived, toiled all day and every day, laughing like Gargantua at the birth of his son; and sometimes weeping, too, over his own pathos. Ah, what would one not have given for the privilege of climbing the stairs stealthily to watch the merry giant at his task! Do you wonder that this rejoicing faculty furnished for many years the chief entertainment of Europe? I should not care much for a writer incapable of being moved as Dumas was moved.

Posterity is the hectic dream of the weak—it does not disturb the calm slumber of the strong. The man who works with his whole soul in the present, who possesses and is possessed by the time that has been allotted him out of all eternity,—that man may miss the prize as well as another. But he is headed the right way to capture the award of posterity.

Shakespeare erred in assigning only seven ages to man—there are at least seventy. Often we live through several in a single day—it all depends upon the kind of experience.

Who has not written it over and over again and then torn it up in despair and still renewed the effort with prayers and tears,—he knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers!

Remember that the true struggle of life is not to achieve what the world calls success, but to hold that Essential Self inviolate which was given you to mark your identity from all other souls. Against this precious possession—this Veriest You—all winds blow, all storms rage, all malign powers contend. As you hold to this or suffer it to be marred or taken from you, so shall be your victory or defeat.

O Memory! thou leadest me back over the years and showest me many a place where once I would have lingered forever, but now thou canst not show me one of all where I would tarry again; my Soul knoweth that not a single step can be retraced and that she is of the Infinite to be.

Why do we write for the world the things we would not say to the individual? Why do we send on every wandering wind the secrets we would not whisper in the ear of our chosen friend?

Men are always talking about truth, but there is really so little of it in common use that it might be classed with radium. Perhaps we should not know it if we saw it, for our experience deals almost wholly with substitutes.

In making up the character of God, the old theologians failed to mention that He is of an infinite cheerfulness. The omission has cost the world much tribulation.

The only man that ever lived who understood and pardoned sin was Christ. And for this men have made him God.

If you seek to command by fear, yours will be the barren service that is given without the loyalty of the heart.

Beginning as children, we walk away from God, and as old men we strive to totter back again.

Grieve not that you desire always and vainly—life without desire is very near unto death.

Nature has no sorrows—perhaps that is why she is immortal.

The better is enemy of the good, said William Morris. Do your stint to-day and let it go for what it is worth. All days are ranked equal in God's fair time. You can not steal from to-day to give unto to-morrow, nor play at loaded dice with the fates.

I have come nearly to forty year, and have bothered my head much with books, yet I am as ignorant of many simple things as when a child. Still we are ready to fight and die for beliefs or opinions picked up at random in the space of a few years. Truly spoke the Preacher, all is vanity!

I am not the man I was ten years ago. I should not know the boy I was were I to meet him in the street. Time is ever stealing our outworn wardrobes of the flesh and spirit.

Life is never simple to the divining spirit—every moment of the common day is charged with mystery and revelation.

To have nothing to say and to say it at all hazards, passes for much that is called achievement in literature.

A man may boast that he can judge himself as harshly as another, but he makes no mistake in passing sentence.

It is easier to make enemies than friends, but fail not to remember that an effort is required in either case.

When I come to die I know my keenest regret will be that I suffered myself to be annoyed by a lot of small people and picayune worries, wasting God's good time with both.

The strongest writer smiles at the praise of his strength—he alone knows how weak he can be.

The very meanest man I know believes for sure that God is made in his particular image and likeness.

The mystery of the Hereafter is very great indeed, but we may take courage in reflecting that we have left some of it behind us.

The wounds of self bleed always and will not be forgiven.

I need not write to my dear friend, for my heart talks to him every day over the miles. In this way, too, I tell him only the things I wish to tell him and so have nothing to change or recall after the letter is sealed and sent. I was not always so wise.

Among persons whose lives touch at every point, there is often no communion of the soul for months and years. Were we to live only by the active life of the soul, our term would be as brief as that of the ephemera.

Men are damned not for what they believe but for what they make-believe.

Almost every friendship holds a degree of disappointment,

yet friendship is still the best thing in the world and the constant dream of the finer souls.

Sane persons will not expect to find absolute perfection in Heaven—there as here the charm of a little discontent, the satisfaction of turning up a small grievance, will not be denied us.

The vice of the Pharisee is in believing that he is not like unto other men. The virtue of a man who knows himself a sinner is in believing that other men are not like unto himself.

That which was lately power is now impotence, but wait! it will soon be power again.

It is something to have lived for the things of the mind, even though we have missed what the world calls wealth or success—those at least shall not be taken from us.

Revise and revise and revise—the best thought will still come after the printer has snatched away the copy.

Balzac laid the world under the greatest obligation of any modern man of letters and was driven into an untimely grave by the spectre of debt. The highest service is always martyrdom.

A learned young German philosopher, Dr. Otto Weininger, pronounced the most acute mind since Kant, recently solved the great problem of sex and then killed himself. What else was there for him to do?

Every little while it is announced that some scientist has pinned down the secret of life, but always the learned man

has fooled himself. God will not be put into a chemical formula.

Thou art eager to be in company and delightest in the conversation of thy friends, yet thou hast a better friend than any of these who constantly solicits thee and whom thou wilt seldom hear—thy soul!



Song of the Rain.



LONG time I lay in my bed listening to the rain.

In the hushed quiet of night, in the solemn darkness, my heart ceased its beatings to listen. There was naught in the world but my heart and the rain.

My soul awoke at the song of the rain, drenching through the trees, pattering on the roof, filling my chamber with coolness and the sense of a mystic presence. My soul awoke and deemed that it was the pause before the End.

Long I lay still in the darkness, hearing the song of the rain; feeling upon me and throughout me the balm and blessing of the rain; telling myself that if this were the End, it could not better be. My soul was all attention, eager to catch the word of its fate, my heart ceased its throbbing to listen—there was naught in the world but the rain and my heart.

What was the burden of the song of the rain that I heard as I lay still in my bed, wrapt in the solemn darkness, feeling as I shall feel in the pause before the End? What was the burden of the song of the rain which my soul awoke to hear and for which my heart stopped its beating?

Peace was the burden of the song of the rain that I heard in the deep of night when my soul thrilled like a wind-harp in the breath of God. Peace was the burden of the song of the rain.

Now have I put away all strife and anger and unrest since there came this wondrous message of the rain, the night and the silence: Now do I bear a quiet heart since my soul trembled like a wind-harp in the breath of God.

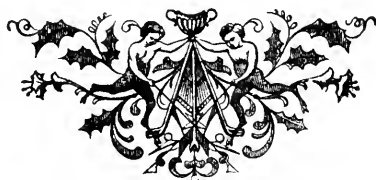
Peace for all the days that yet are mine when often I shall

lie awake in the night silence, listening to the song of the rain.

Peace forevermore when my soul shall be drawn into the breath of God and my body shall be mingled at last with the balm and blessing of the rain.

Peace forevermore!

Finis.



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